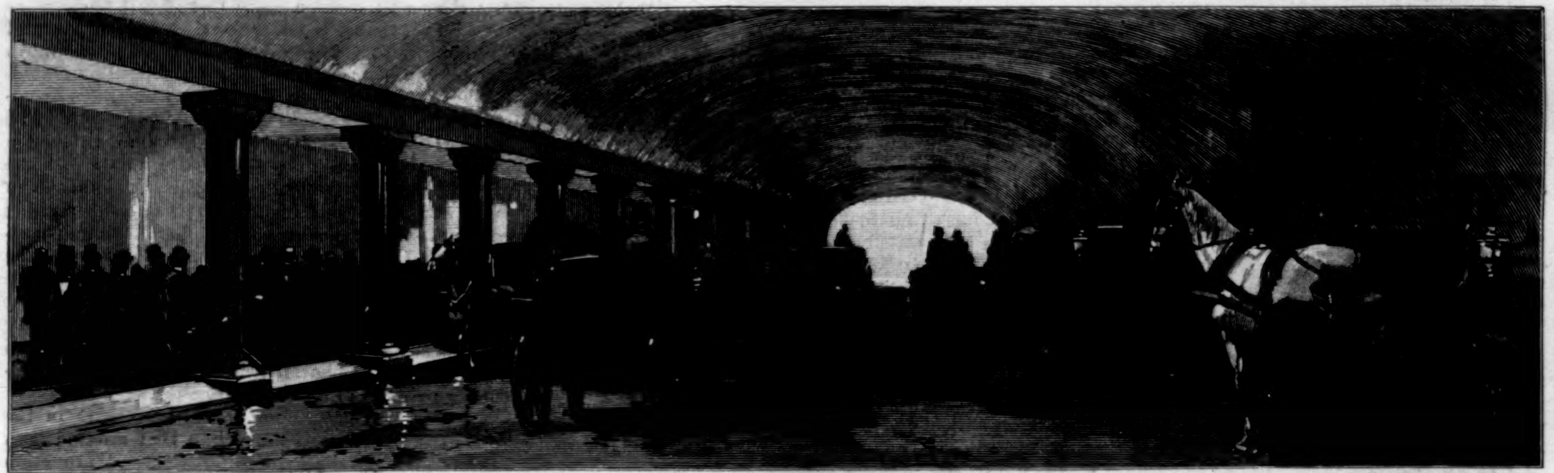
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXV.—No. 1799. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1891, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE PROPOSED BOULEVARD TUNNEL, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM ACCEPTED PLANS.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

1. Interior, showing Driveway and Footway. 2. Entrance to Tunnel.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just published:

I.

JINRIKISHA DAYS IN JAPAN.

By ELIZA R. SCIDMORE. Illustrated. pp. x, 386. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

II.

UNHAPPY LOVES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

By THOMAS HITCHCOCK. With Twelve Portraits. pp. xii, 213. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

III.

A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES.

By THOMAS HARDY. pp. viii, 300. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

IV.

I GO A-FISHING.

By WILLIAM C. PRIME. *Popular Edition.* Post 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

V.

ERIC BRIGHTEYES.

A Novel. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. *Library Edition.* 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above works will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1799.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON "THE COFFEE EXCHANGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK."

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

THE Boston *Journal* is evidently of opinion that political independence is impossible. But if the last six years have taught any lesson in politics, it is that both of the extent and power of such independence. There is at present no overwhelming public issue like slavery or the war, so that while there is wide speculation upon the probable chief question of the campaign of next year, the only question which may be said to divide parties is not so much protection as the tariff. If a man held corruption and consequent extravagance and demoralization to be radical and imminent dangers, although a protectionist, he would not support, except as a mere partisan, a party whose policy promotes those tendencies in the country. If, on the other hand, he were a revenue-reformer, but warmly favored high license in a State, he would not support a tariff-reform candidate, as such, for the State Legislature. Thus in 1888 there was a large vote in New York cast both for WARNER MILLER as Governor of the State and for GROVER CLEVELAND as President. But this vote was neither Republican nor Democratic as such. It was the vote of an independence which is perfectly possible, and which is not impaired by being called either assistant Republicanism or assistant Democracy. Such voting, however, although entirely practicable and natural for men who respect their own convictions, is not the way to office or to party honor. The GREELEY mugwumps of 1872 in New York have been the most unhesitating Republican partisans ever since, because they found unquestioning partisanship the essential condition of official advancement.

A distinctive party vote is that which is cast according to the party label of the candidate, not according to the convictions of the voters. Independence uses parties to promote the public welfare, not party success. Since 1884 the independent press in New York has supported the Republican gubernatorial candidates, Mr. DAVENPORT and Mr. MILLER, and the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Mr. CLEVELAND. It has preferred the Republican probability upon the chief State issues, and the Democratic probability on the chief national issue. Nothing would have been gained for any public object if the independent press had surrendered its independence and donned a party livery. So with the voters. Since 1884 great numbers of New-Yorkers have voted for Republican State and local candidates because they are in sympathy with them upon State issues, and for the Democratic electors because they agreed with them on the national issue of the campaigns. They would not have voted for QUAY'S man had they been in Pennsylvania last autumn. They do not vote for a Democrat when to vote for him is to injure objects that they have at heart, nor for a Republican under similar circumstances, and this decision is governed by weighing many considerations. The vote which is independent is not determined by a caucus or a convention. But the caucus or convention having acted, the voter decides for himself.

This is not because of unwillingness to take part in the party caucus, but because the party caucus will not admit a voter unless he agrees to surrender his independence. In 1888 the Republicans in New York would not have admitted him had he stated that he intended to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND, nor the Democrats if he had said that he should vote for Mr. MILLER and the local candidates. The party excludes him, unless he agrees to vote as the party dictates. There are droll people who apparently fancy that they commend themselves to admiration by saying that they have never voted any ticket but the Republican or the Democratic. If they tell the truth, they exult in having been often led by very contemptible leaders. Independent voting is the result of the common-sense and self-respect which restrain the excesses of party spirit—a force which is zealously fostered by Mr. QUAY and Mr. CLARKSON and Governor HILL and Tammany Hall, but which WASHINGTON exhorted us to restrain. He was, perhaps, as sensible and patriotic and wise as they. It is party spirit, not sympathy with a general party tendency, which has created the party machine—a power without principle of any kind except plunder, and which has developed patronage into a vast system of partisan bribery by public money. This is all very elementary for full-grown Americans. But the party spirit which sneers at independence, and governs by the corruption of money and terror, is the real foe of republican liberty. The bulwark of that liberty is the political independence which elected Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and which will act with the same freedom in 1892.

PROTECTING THE SEALS.

THE latest correspondence on the seal question forecasts a settlement. The conversation in Parliament illustrated the accuracy of Mr. PHELPS'S remark that upon a foreign question mere party differences cease, and party chiefs do not think it necessary to attack a measure merely because it proceeds from the opposition, and may turn to its advantage. The most striking remark was that of Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, "who agreed with Mr. SMITH [the government leader] that a serious misunderstanding between England and the United States would be a great calamity. The government would always receive the support of the opposition in referring national questions to arbitration. The Bering Sea dispute seemed to be one, above all others, lending itself to arbitration. Therefore he had nothing to say except to express satisfaction with the course adopted. It was satisfactory to find Canada a party to the arrangement." There has been delay on both sides. England's wicked partner has been Canada, and ours has been the North American Sealing Company.

We first proposed to suspend entirely the American taking of seals in return for the British suppression of Canadian poaching. We then modified the offer by the proposal to permit 7500 seals to be taken by us, not for commerce, but to provide food for the inhabitants, who must otherwise be supported by the American Sealing Company, each government guaranteeing to restrain its citizens from killing seals until May 1, 1892, within which time the arbitrators shall render a final judgment. Pending a reply to Mr. BLAINE'S letter stating the precise conditions, the English government introduced a bill in Parliament prohibiting the English killing of seals, and it was upon the second reading that the conversation took place. It may be assumed that the dispute will be adjusted peacefully, as all such questions should be adjusted. At no time has the discussion aroused very wide interest in this country. The merits of the case have not been generally understood, and public sentiment, so far as it has been expressed, has been mainly determined not by knowledge, but by party sympathy.

In the official correspondence there have been some remarkable differences of view in regard to facts. When the question of a close season, upon which an agreement has now been reached, was first proposed by us under the last administration, England acceded, and Russia heartily concurred. But Canada protested, and England hesitated. When the question was reopened, a long controversy over jurisdiction followed. On both sides the correspondence has been ingenious and able, and we raised a strong point in the allegation that the wanton destruction of the seals was an offence against the common rights of humanity recognized by the local laws of civilized states. If these rights are not cognizable by the law of nations, they ought to be. Throughout the correspondence England has been in the position of conniving at an offence which she had admitted ought to be prohibited. She has denied our authority upon the open Bering Sea. But a *modus vivendi*, such as has now been adopted, might have been reached, pending the determination of the question of jurisdiction. At all times during the debate the idea of a violent issue has not been entertained. It must be a question of extreme gravity which would bring the two English-speaking nations into armed collision. The malign influence of political servility to the Irish vote is happily less pressing, and the sounder and controlling American opinion accords entirely with that expressed in Parliament.

BACCARAT AND ROYALTY.

THE appearance of the Prince of Wales, the future King of England, in a court of law to testify that he "banked" in a country house for a party of "fast" if not "flash" men and women, who accused one of their number of cheating at cards, is a spectacle which must make self-respecting Englishmen thoughtful. But they will become more thoughtful, perhaps, as they reflect that it is better for the political peace of England that its future King should play baccarat in questionable company than show a disposition actually to govern his realm. For this is a suggestive commentary upon the English monarchical system. The Prince's great-uncle GEORGE the Fourth was a worthless personage, but in his day there was still some glamour left to royalty, and ministers, for their own ends, were sometimes inclined to promote his positive personal interference in affairs. But such a disposition would not be tolerated now. The fiction of the crown as a personal power is perfectly apparent, and as the King is simply a figure-head, the more evident the fact, the more assured is the constitutional play of parties. Therefore, whatever shows the Prince to be a good-natured social trifler, with no taste or talent for political affairs, the better for England.

To a manly nature no conspicuous part in the world can be more galling than that allotted both now and later to the Prince of Wales. His function is not to be that which it seems to be. He will be a King tolerated because he does not possess royal power. As he does not chance to have serious tastes like his father, Prince ALBERT, his only earnest pursuit must be doing nothing, and the conditions of his position necessarily tempt him to be good for nothing. If he prove to be, as the Prince of Wales is understood to be, a good-natured saunterer living for enjoyment, the devout Englishman may thank his stars. If scandals of various kinds occasionally cloud his career, the good Englishman may rejoice if they do not involve flagrant personal disgrace. No man is subjected to a more searching ordeal of character than the Prince of Wales. It is no merit for poor and obscure men to be irreproachable, when it is highly creditable for a prince. The soul of St. FRANCIS was not troubled by the assaults of the devil when he came as a demon; it was imperilled only when he appeared as a houri. It is the utmost good fortune rather than ill fortune which endangers character. It is Capua which undermines; the sun, not the wind.

But whatever the fact of the British Constitution may be, BAGEHOT says that the general uncultivated Englishman supposes that the Queen sits upon a throne, crowned, and holding a sceptre, and actually governing England. With the sturdy sense of the race, it would seem probable that when the truth became clear to the average Englishman that his King is in no sense a king, he would ask whether royalty is not an expensive fiction. When the figure which is set up to symbolize political unity and authority actually symbolizes social corruption, the slow, good Briton will naturally ponder. An amiable, pleasure-seeking Prince may seem to political England better than a politically ambitious and inquisitive and meddlesome heir-apparent. But scenes like that at Tranby Croft, and other English scenes of which recently there have been glimpses, like the orgies of the court world of HERVEY, and the revels at the Trianon at Versailles a hundred years ago, loosen the roots of royalty. There is much more involved in the late trial in London than cheating at cards.

OUR INTEREST IN THE NEWFOUNDLAND TROUBLE.

THE administration may be drawn into correspondence with France as it has been with England and Italy. France claims that by the Treaty of Versailles, in 1783, she obtained the right to the exclusive use of the western coast and waters of Newfoundland for fishing purposes, and in 1886 the French cruisers were instructed to seize and confiscate all instruments of fishing belonging to foreigners or others, "resident or otherwise," on that part of the coast. In 1818 England conceded to us by treaty the same fishing rights along the coast which she had granted to France, and for seventy-three years we have exercised those privileges. But it is now alleged that a French admiral has assumed control of the waters of St. George's Bay, stopping the Newfoundland fishing, and driving away local fishermen who were baiting American vessels. To the protest of our fishers he replied that he did not recognize the Anglo-American treaty, and our vessels left. The people on St. Pierre's Bay have been warned by the French not to sell bait to United States fishermen, under penalty of seizure of boats and nets. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, the political Secretary of the

British Foreign Office, says that this is not a specific infraction of the treaty of 1818, which conveys to us only the right to fish on certain parts of the coast. But it is a violation of British rights, and it has been brought to the attention of France.

It is the old question of the interpretation of treaties. England denies the exclusive right claimed by France, and Lord PALMERSTON in 1838 declared that the French and English rights were concurrent. But the bill of Lord KNUTSFORD—the government bill now pending in Parliament—authorizes British officers to enforce the treaty rights of France in Newfoundland waters, unless Newfoundland herself provides for their enforcement. The people of Newfoundland are naturally profoundly excited, and have sent a delegation to England, which has been heard in Parliament, urging the government to give Newfoundland time to make provision in a manner which is stated. Pending this understanding, the French admiral apparently asserts French authority even to the exclusion of American fishermen, and as an arbitration has been invited, England asks France to explain.

It is another case for arbitration, not for quarter-deck diplomacy. The treaties between France and England are those of Utrecht and Versailles, one of them more than a century old, the other a century and three-quarters. If England granted such exclusive authority to France in 1783, she could not grant us the privileges of our treaty of 1818, because she had already conveyed them to France. Our rights would fall with the admission that they were not England's to give. But the party vitally interested is Newfoundland. Its chief dependence is its fisheries, and if its most important coast and waters are beyond its own control, it is practically a colony of France. The situation is intolerable for Newfoundland; and the same concern for an American dependency which led England to hesitate about a convention for protecting the seals should induce her to aid Newfoundland in this very much more serious extremity. The situation, however, becomes acute when a French admiral in English waters gives orders to British subjects and drives away American vessels. It is already hinted in Newfoundland that if England cannot protect the colony, some other kind of protection must be sought. But there is no reason to doubt that a solution of the trouble can be found in arbitration. If there be any fighting to be done by European powers, it is not in American waters and on questions involving American rights that those powers would prefer to begin.

THE INEVITABLE.

A FRIEND of the Postmaster-General is reported to have said recently: "If a spittoon-cleaner dies, the telegraph wires grow hot with messages from Senators and Representatives and party committeemen besieging the Postmaster-General of the United States to appoint two or three dozen men to the vacant place. He must either insult them all by peremptorily 'turning them down,' or he must examine into their respective claims with care before making his choice, which finally pleases one supplicant and angers all the rest."

This annoyance is said to have exasperated the Postmaster-General into a resolution to reform the system of promotion in the department. As the *Times* points out, the reform is already there, if he chooses to adopt it. The reported "conversion" of the Postmaster-General to reform, which means, probably, his impatience and disgust with the system of starting the whole steam-engine of patronage to pare an apple, is not peculiar to him. Twenty years ago General COX, Secretary of the Interior, said plainly that Congressional insistence upon the business of appointing and removing spittoon-cleaners and similar functionaries left the head of a department little time for the discharge of his proper duties.

The spoils system will either break down of its own weight, or, as LINCOLN said, it will break down the government. When the army of spittoon-cleaners and char-women is doubled and quadrupled, the Postmaster-General will have no time to consider the postal service. Moreover, the politics of that army, and of the mothers, husbands, uncles, cousins, and nephews of the char-women, will be to keep them in place. "There are no politics in politics." The sole politics of Tammany Hall and the Republican politicians who combine with it is plunder. Does the Postmaster-General himself owe his office to his public services or to his party leadership?

CITY RAPID TRANSIT.

IT is not often that the report of a commission upon a question so difficult and complex as that of rapid transit in a great city is received with such cordial approval as that of the Rapid Transit Commissioners in New York. The problem here is peculiarly perplexing. The volume of city travel is all directed upon the lower point of the island in a constantly increasing mass. A viaduct through the buildings would be costly beyond possibility. The capacity of the present system of elevated roads is exhausted, and the method is felt to be essentially temporary. A sunken road or a tunnel system offered every kind of perplexity from questions of ventilation and motive power. With all these there was to be considered and withstood the pressure of strong and divergent financial interests.

It is greatly to the credit of the commission that without unseemly delay it has proposed a scheme which seems to be feasible and satisfactory. Its details are familiar, for the press in general has stated them with cordial approval. The proposal is confined at present to the west side of the city, and contemplates a system of tunnels for four tracks, one for through trains and one for local traffic, the tunnels to be excavated far below all pipes and the foundations of buildings. The motive power will be electricity, and without smoke and steam it is believed to be easy to secure proper ventilation.

This is the general plan, and the estimated cost for such a road for about twenty miles is $40,000,000. If that sum is wisely estimated, the cost will be no difficulty, but the stock would be a most tempting investment. The ventilation seems to be the chief question. But the favorable experience of similar tunnels in England is said to be conclusive, and the ability of science to deal with such a point is not doubted. It is understood that the elevated road will compete for public favor with the new project. But the practicable routes of an elevated road, its rate of speed, and its ability to satisfy the requirements are doubtful. There will be always a certain part of the public which prefers to travel above-ground. But a monopoly of city transit is not necessary.

THE THREATENED ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE public mind has been thoroughly aroused to the impending peril that threatens the Adirondack woods, and through that, the water supply of the State. The New York State Forestry Association—a society which must not be confounded with the Adirondack Park Association—began some months ago a movement to arrest the railroad operations which now menace the northern forests. Last winter it introduced a bill into the Legislature intended to prevent such enterprises as that which is now attempting to devastate the woods, and that failing to pass, the association has transmitted to the Forest Commission a strong expression of its opposition. It has also procured a large number of signatures to an address warmly deprecating the impending injury to the woods and the State.

The Forestry Association is itself an illustration of the active and intelligent public spirit which defends great common interests against ruthless private greed. It is a voluntary association, with a membership which embraces a large body of eminent citizens, and by vigilance and sagacity keeps the community fully informed of sinister designs, like the various assaults upon the Adirondack woods, and of the specious pleas under which they are pushed. It is doing much the same kind of service as the association which some years ago secured the neighborhood of Niagara Falls from devastation, and rescued from practical destruction the finest natural spectacle in the State.

The railroad invasion of the North Woods is prosecuted in the usual manner of such schemes, and a very serious danger threatens New York. The extent and correctness of the opposition are shown by the protestations of the invaders that they have nothing so much at heart as the preservation of the forests, which will be left standing in all their primeval grandeur. This is not the usual course of such undertakings. The general result of opening railroads through such regions is the destruction of the woods. It was such ravage and its consequences which first compelled public attention to the question. The opening of railroads, followed by immense devastation of the trees by fire and the axe, and the necessary effect of the consequent drying of the vast sponge which feeds the waters of the State, led to the voluntary organization and the legislation and commissions that are designed for the protection of the Adirondacks. It would be a great public misfortune if the effort were less successful than that which saved Niagara.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE death of BENSON J. LOSSING at the ripe age of seventy-nine recalls two of the most popular historical works published in this country—his *Field Books* of the Revolution and of the war of 1812, which are probably the most familiar of his many contributions to our historical literature. The design of the *Field Book* was very attractive. It was the record of visits to the more noted scenes of the war, to battle-fields and houses, and the simple and colloquial narrative was enriched by abundant illustrations, not only of such places, but of veterans, and relics of every kind. It was thus an illustrated story dealing with much that is full of interest, but for which the stately stepping muse of history does not stay.

Mr. LOSSING was familiar with the local and traditional history of New York, and wrote the illustrated annals of the Hudson River and a memoir of General SCHUYLER. His diligence was unremitting, and his books are very numerous. They are those of a genial and sympathetic observer, kindly gossiping and instructive, rather than the works of a student. But the early *Field Book* has a charm for the young reader which is perennial.

Personally Mr. LOSSING was simple, hearty, generous, and of cordial manner. In early life he was a wood-engraver of great distinction. The illustrations of his early books were from his own drawings, and he was constantly employed in those days by the HARPERS. Mr. LOSSING was an early and constant friend of Vassar College, and his last public appearance was at the celebration last year of the twenty-fifth anniversary of that institution, when he read a memoir of MATTHEW VASSAR. There, and wherever he was personally known, he will be always most kindly remembered.

THE TILDEN FREE LIBRARY.

THE contest over the will of Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, which provides for an amply endowed free public library for the city of New York, has enlisted the ablest legal talent, and will become a famous cause. In the court of common-sense the undoubted and unquestioned purpose of the testator would have great weight in the decision. There is no doubt of Mr. TILDEN's desire to make the people of the city the heir of a great part of his fortune, and of his belief that he had done it. But the points of law are acutely taken, and it is, of course, possible that his known and admirable intention will be frustrated.

The defeat of his purpose would have the effect of reducing the number of such bequests, because testators would doubt whether the necessary details of such gifts could be lawfully guarded without extreme difficulty, if so shrewd and experienced a lawyer as Mr. TILDEN could not effect it with his own money. The natural alternative of establishing the trust before the death of the testator would not be always adopted, because he may not wish to take the necessary trouble, or for other reasons readily conceivable.

Yet when the fortune is acquired, and the manner of its disposition is decided, the better plan is that of Mr. CORNELL, Mr. CLARK, Mr. COOPER, and many other great public benefactors. The relation which a man establishes with the public by executing his own will in this manner is not only agreeable but useful. It is a constant corrective of the jealousy of great riches. It demonstrates the sense of stewardship in the administration of large resources which is instantly appreciated. It is evident to the dullest that while the distribution of Mr. TILDEN's five millions among the people of New York would have given every individual but a petty and useless sum, the library which he founded made the money permanently serviceable to every citizen. It would be unpleasant to see so great a benefit, so wisely designed, lost to the city of New York.

PERSONAL.

LIEUTENANT C. J. W. GRANT, the hero of the Manipur rebellion, who led 80 men against 4000 and was twice wounded, has been decorated with the Victoria Cross.

—The raising of choice poultry is a hobby with WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, and he is building a fifteen-thousand-dollar house for his pets on his estate at Oakdale.

—The Pope has made a will bequeathing all his property to the Holy See.

—It seems very natural that Professor WIGGINS, the storm prophet, should enter the field of romance, for his direful predictions never came true. He is to publish a book entitled *Jack Shuckard; or, Life on Jupiter.*

—Rev. THOMAS F. CASHMAN, a Roman Catholic priest at Chicago, has instructed his parishioners to name their children after the saints, and refused to baptize a child that was to be named GARFIELD. The murdered President was a preacher who had left the pulpit for politics, and nothing in his life characterized him pre-eminently as a Christian.

—SIMS REEVES, the noted English tenor, who has just retired from the stage, was quite well known as a singer over half a century ago.

—WILLIAM GRAHAM GREEN, an old friend of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is still living in Illinois, and is eighty years old. He claims to have given the great war President his first lessons in grammar, when the two were clerks together in a store at New Salem, but acknowledges that in six weeks the scholar knew a great deal more about the study than his teacher did. Mr. GREEN enlisted with LINCOLN for the Black Hawk War, and says he was present when "JEFF" DAVIS swore "ABE" in as Captain of the company. His fund of reminiscences of the martyr President is almost unlimited, as he remained his intimate friend through his public life.

—HENRY M. HOWE, of Boston, the son of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, has been awarded a prize of 2500 francs by the National Society for the Encouragement of Industries at Paris, for a treatise on the metallurgy of steel.

—HENRY HERTZ, Professor of Physics in the University of Bonn, whose remarkable discoveries in electricity have given him a place in Germany similar to that held by EDISON in this country, is a young man hardly over thirty-four years old. After studying civil engineering, and finding it distasteful, he completed the two years' term of military service required in the father-land, and then began studying electricity with Professor HELMHOLZ at Berlin, whose assistant he finally became. His researches look beyond the dynamo and the carbon, and aim to discover more economical methods of developing electric energy.

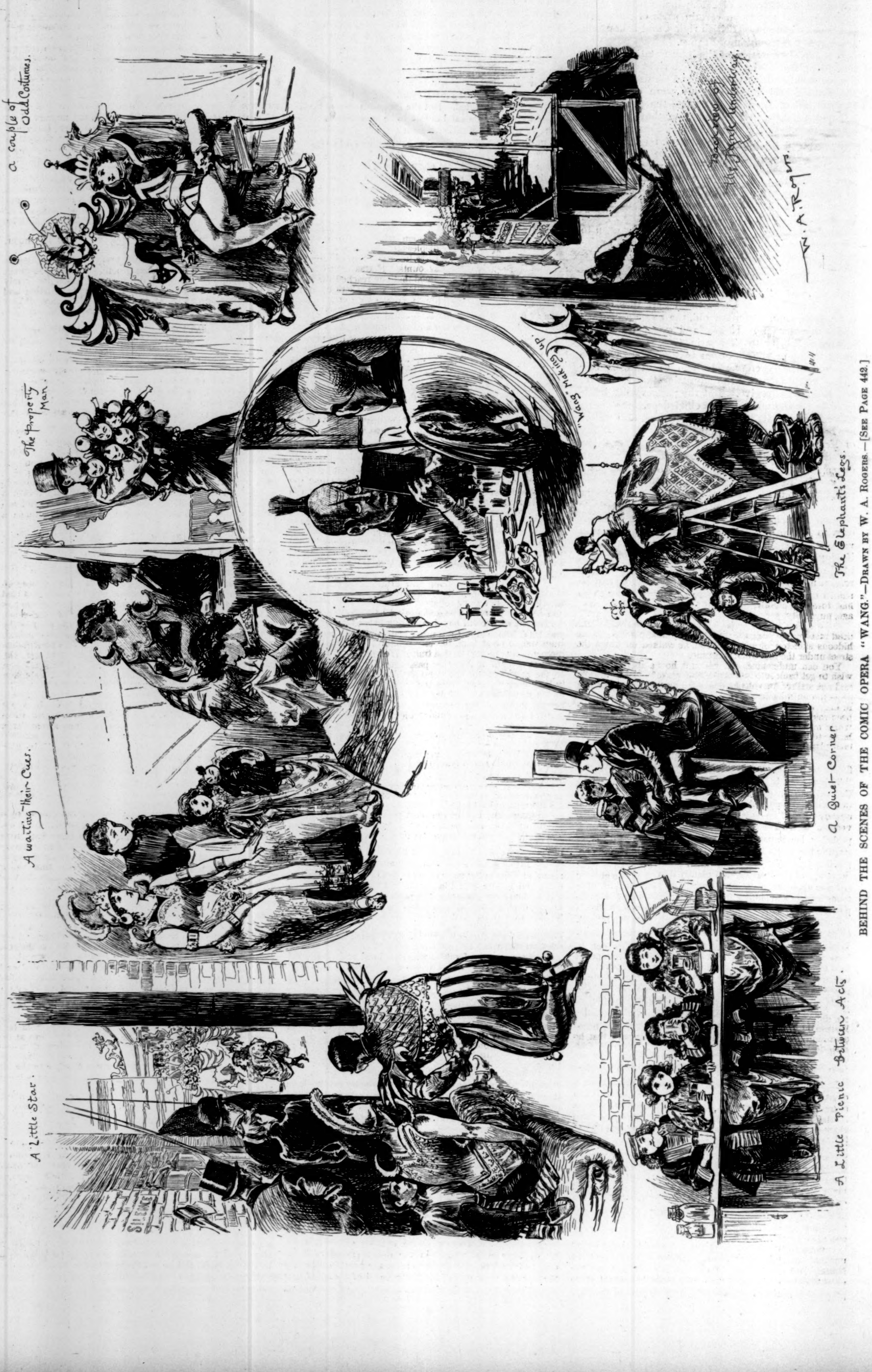
—The pure and sweet-scented lily-of-the-valley has a warm friend in the Prince of Wales, who devotes acres of ground to the cultivation of the flower at Sandringham, his country-seat.

—A clue to EMIN Pasha's objection to being "rescued" by HENRY M. STANLEY, and dragged back to the confines of civilization, may be found in the statement that since his return to the interior of Africa he has sent to the coast a consignment of ivory valued at nearly $500,000.

—The recent convention of the Western Authors' and Artists' Club at Kansas City, Missouri, refused membership to Professor W. S. SCARBOROUGH, LL.D., on account of his color. Mr. SCARBOROUGH is still able to travel in good company, however, as he belongs to the American Philological Society, which includes Yale and Harvard professors, and other distinguished authors and educators throughout the country. He is also a contributor to leading American magazines.

—ALEXANDER P. GORDON-CUMMING, a brother to the Sir WILLIAM whose name is just now unpleasantly prominent in England, is a prosperous gentleman farmer near Sykesville, Carroll County, Maryland. He is popular with the neighboring Grangers, and a social favorite at Washington, where he and his wife spend their winters. Farmer GORDON-CUMMING is over six feet tall, and a remarkably fine-looking man.

—RICHARD HENRY STRANGE, the colored tragedian, is going abroad soon, and expects to play SHAKESPEARE's tragedies in London and Berlin, supported by a company of white actors. Later on he hopes to appear in New York, and will have a theatre built for him in Philadelphia next year if his present ambitions are realized. Mr. STRANGE was born in Virginia, and is only twenty-six years old. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, distinguishing himself in his studies, and developed histrionic tastes early. Two of his sisters have acted parts with him in Philadelphia, and he believes that notwithstanding present race prejudices there is a brilliant future in the drama for people of his color.



BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE COMIC OPERA "WANG."—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

A Resuscitation.

By Elia W. Peattie

AFTER being dead twenty years, he walked out into the sunshine.

It was as if the bones of a bleached skeleton should join themselves on some forgotten plain, and look about them for the vanished flesh.

To be dead it is not necessary to be in the grave. There are places where the worms creep about the heart instead of the body.

The penitentiary is one of these.

David Culross had been in the penitentiary twenty years. Now, with that worm-eaten heart, he came out into liberty and looked about him for the habiliments with which he had formerly clothed himself—for hope, self-respect, courage, pugnacity, and industry.

But they had vanished and left no trace, like the flesh of the dead men on the plains, and so, morally unapparelled, in the hideous skeleton of his manhood, he walked on down the street under the mid-June sunshine.

You can understand, can you not, how a skeleton might wish to get back into its comfortable grave? David Culross had not walked two blocks before he was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to beg to be shielded once more in that safe and shameful retreat from which he had just been released. A horrible perception of the largeness of the world swept over him. Space and eternity could seem no larger to the usual man than earth—that snug and insignificant planet—looked to David Culross.

"If I go back," he cried, despairingly, looking up to the great building that arose above the stony hills, "they will not take me in." He was absolutely without a refuge, utterly without a destination; he did not have a hope. There was nothing he desired except the surrounding of those four narrow walls between which he had lain at night and dreamed those ever-recurring dreams—dreams which were never prophecies or promises, but always the hackneyed history of what he had sacrificed by his crime, and relinquished by his pride.

The men who passed him looked at him with mingled amusement and pity. They knew the "prison look," and they knew the prison clothes. For though the State gives to its discharged convicts clothes which are like those of other men, it makes a hundred suits from the same sort of cloth. The police know the fabric, and even the citizens recognize it. But, then, were each man dressed in different garb he could not be disguised. Every one knows in what dull school that sidelong glance is learned, that aimless drooping of the shoulders, that rhythmic lifting of the heavy foot.

David Culross wondered if his will were dead. He put it to the test. He lifted up his head to a position which it had not held for many miserable years. He put his hands in his pockets in a pitiful attempt at nonchalance, and walked down the street with a step which was meant to be brisk, but which was in fact only uncertain. In his pocket were ten dollars. This much the State equips a man with when it sends him out of its penal halls. It gives him also transportation to any point within reasonable distance that he may desire to reach. Culross had requested a ticket to Chicago. He naturally said Chicago. In the long colorless days it had been in Chicago that all those endlessly repeated scenes had been laid. Walking up the street now with that wavering ineffectual gait, these scenes came back to surge in his brain like waters ceaselessly tossed in a wind-swept basin.

There was the office, bare and clean, where the young stoop-shouldered clerks sat writing. In their faces was a strange resemblance, just as there was in the backs of the ledgers, and in the endless bills on the spindles. If one of them laughed, it was not with gayety, but with gratification at the discomfiture of another. None of them ate well. None of them were rested after sleep. All of them rode on the stuffy one-horse cars to and from their work. Sundays they lay in bed very late, and ate more dinner than they could digest. There was a certain fellowship among them—such fellowship as a band of captives among cannibals might feel, each of them waiting with vital curiosity to see who was the next to be eaten. But of that fellowship that plans in unison, suffers in sympathy, enjoys vicariously, strengthens into friendship and communion of soul they knew nothing. Indeed, such *camaraderie* would have been disapproved of by the Head Clerk. He would have looked on an emotion with exactly the same displeasure that he would on an error in the footing of the year's accounts. It was tacitly understood that one reached the proud position of Head Clerk by having no emotions whatever.

Culross did not remember having been born with a pen in his hand, or even with one behind his ear; but certainly from the day he had been let out of knickerbockers his constant companion had been that greatly overestimated article. His father dying at a time that cut short David's school-days, he went out armed with his new knowledge of double-entry, determined to make a fortune and a commercial name. Meantime, he lived in a suite of three rooms on West Madison Street with his mother, who was a good woman, and lived where she did that she might be near her favorite meeting-house. She prayed, and cooked bad dinners, principally composed of dispiriting pastry. Her idea of house-keeping was to keep the shades down whatever happened; and when David left home in the evening for any purpose of pleasure, she wept. David persuaded himself that he despised amusement, and went to bed each night at half past nine in a folding bedstead in the front room, and, by becoming absolutely stolid from mere vegetation, imagined that he was almost fit to be a Head Clerk.

Walking down the street now after the twenty years, thinking of these dead but innocent days, this was the picture he saw; and as he reflected upon it, even the despoiled and desolate years just passed seemed richer by contrast.

He reached the station thus dreaming, and found, as he had been told when the warden bade him good-by, that a train was to be at hand directly bound to the city. A few moments later he was on that train. Well back in the shadow and out of sight of the other passengers, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the comfortable cushion. He would willingly have looked from the window—green fields were new and wonderful; drifting clouds a marvel; men, houses, horses, farms, all a revelation—but those haunting visions were at him again, and would not leave brain or eye free for other things.

But the next scene had warmer tints. It was the interior of a rich room—crimson and amber fabrics, flowers, the gleam of a statue beyond the drapings; the sound of a tender piano unflinging a familiar melody, and a woman. She was just a part of all the luxury.

He himself, very timid and conscious of his awkwardness, sat near, trying barrenly to get some of his thoughts out of his brain on to his tongue.

"Strange, isn't it," the woman broke in on her own music, "that we have seen each other so very often and never spoken? I've often thought introductions were ridiculous. Fancy seeing a person year in and year out, and really knowing all about them, and being perfectly acquainted with their names—at least his or her name, you know—and then never speaking! Some one comes along, and says, 'Miss Le Baron, this is Mr. Culross,' just as if one didn't know that all the time! And there you are! You cease to be dumb folks, and fall to talking, and say a lot of things neither of you care about, and after five or six weeks of time and sundry meetings, get down to honestly saying what you mean. I'm so glad we've got through with that first stage, and can say what we think and tell what we really like."

Then the playing began again—a harp-like intermingling of soft sounds. Zoe Le Baron's hands were very girlish. Everything about her was unformed. Even her mind was so. But all promised a full completion. The voice, the shoulders, the smile, the words, the lips, the arms, the whole mind and body, were rounding to maturity.

"Why do you never come to church in the morning?" asks Miss Le Baron, wheeling around on her piano stool suddenly. "You are only there at night, with your mother."

"I go only on her account," replies David, truthfully. "In the morning I am so tired with the week's work that I rest at home. I ought to go, I know."

"Yes, you ought," returns the young woman, gravely. "It doesn't really rest one to lie in bed like that. I've tried it at boarding-school. It was no good whatever."

"Should you advise me," asks David, in a confiding tone, "to arise early on Sunday?"

The girl blushes a little. "By all means!" she cries, her eyes twinkling, "and—and come to church. Our morning sermons are really very much better than those in the evening." And she plays a waltz, and what with the music and the warmth of the room and the perfume of the roses, a something nameless and mystical steals over the poor clerk, and swathes him about like the fumes of opium. They are alone. The silence is made deeper by that rhythmic unswelling of sound. As the painter flushes the bare wall into splendor, these emotions illuminated his soul, and gave to it that high courage that comes when men or women suddenly realize that each life has its significance—their own lives no less than the lives of others.

The man sitting there in the shadow in that noisy train saw in his vision how the lad arose and moved, like one under a spell, toward the piano. He felt again the enchantment of the music-ridden quiet, of the perfume, and the presence of the woman.

"Knowing you and speaking with you have not made much difference with me," he whispers, drunk on the new wine of passion, "for I have loved you since I saw you first. And though it is so sweet to hear you speak, your voice is no more beautiful than I thought it would be. I have loved you a long time, and I want to know—"

The broken man in the shadow remembered how the lad stopped, astonished at his boldness and his fluency, overcome suddenly at the thought of what he was saying. The music stopped with a discord. The girl arose, trembling and scarlet.

"I would not have believed it of you," she cries, "to take advantage of me like this, when I am alone—and—everything. You know very well that nothing but trouble could come to either of us from your telling me a thing like that."

He puts his hands up to his face to keep off her anger. He is trembling with confusion.

Then she broke in penitently, trying to pull his hands away from his hot face: "Never mind! I know you didn't mean anything. Be good, do, and don't spoil the lovely times we have together. You know very well father and mother wouldn't let us see each other at all if they—if they thought you were saying anything such as you said just now."

"Oh, but I can't help it!" cries the boy, despairingly. "I have never loved anybody at all till now. I don't mean not another girl, you know. But you are the first being I ever cared for. I sometimes think mother cares for me because I pay the rent. And the office—you can't imagine what that is like. The men in it are moving corpses. They're proud to be that way, and so was I till I knew you and learned what life was like. All the happy moments I have had have been here. Now, if you tell me that we are not to care for each other—"

There was some one coming down the hall. The curtain lifted. A middle-aged man stood there looking at him.

"Culross," said he, "I'm disappointed in you. I didn't mean to listen, but I couldn't help hearing what you said just now. I don't blame you particularly. Young men will be fools. And I do not in any way mean to insult you when I tell you to stop your coming here. I don't want to see you inside this door again, and after a while you will thank me for it. You have taken a very unfair advantage of my invitation. I make allowances for your youth."

He held back the curtain for the lad to pass out. David threw a miserable glance at the girl. She was standing looking at her father with an expression that David could not fathom. He went into the hall, picked up his hat, and walked out in silence.

David wondered that night, walking the chilly streets after he quitted the house, and often, often afterward, if that comfortable and prosperous gentleman, safe beyond the perturbations of youth, had any idea of what he had done. How *could* he know anything of the black monotony of the life of the man he turned from his door? The "desk's dead-wood" and all its hateful slavery, the dull darkened rooms where his mother prosed through endless evenings, the bookless, joyless, hopeless existence that had cramped him all his days rose up before him, as a stretch of unbroken plain may rise before a lost man till it maddens him.

The bowed man in the car seat remembered with a flush of reminiscent misery how the lad turned suddenly in his walk, and entered the door of a drinking-room that stood open. It was very comfortable within. The screens kept out the chill of the autumn night, the sawdust-sprinkled floor was clean, the tables placed near together, the bar glittering, the attendants white-aproned and brisk.

David liked the place, and he liked better still the laughter that came from a room within. It had a note in it a little different from anything he had ever heard before in his life, and one that echoed his mood. He ventured to ask if he might go into the farther room.

It does not mean much when most young men go to a place like this. They take their bit of unwholesome dissipation quietly enough, and are a little coarser and more careless each time they indulge in it, perhaps. But certainly their acts, whatever gradual deterioration they may indicate, bespeak no sudden moral revolution. With this young clerk it was different. He was a worse man from the moment he entered the door, for he did violence to his principles; he killed his self-respect.

He had been paid at the office that night, and he had the money—a week's miserable pittance—in his pocket. His every action revealed the fact that he was a novice in recklessness. His innocent face piqued the men within. They gave him a welcome that amazed him. Of course the rest of the evening was a chaos to him. The throat down which he poured the liquor was as tender as a child's. The men turned his head with their ironical compliments. Their boisterous good-fellowship was as intoxicating to this poor young recluse as the liquor.

It was the revulsion from this feeling, when he came to a consciousness that the men were laughing at him and not with him, that wrecked his life. He had gone from beer to whiskey, and from whiskey to brandy, by this time, at the suggestion of the men, and was making awkward lunges with a billiard cue, spurred on by the mocking applause of the others. One young fellow was particularly hilarious at his expense. His jokes became insults, or so they seemed to David.

A quarrel followed, half a jest on the part of the other, all serious as far as David was concerned. And then—Well, who could tell how it happened? The billiard cue was in David's hand, and the skull of the jester was split, a horrible gaping thing, revoltingly animal.

David never saw his home again. His mother gave it out in church that her heart was broken, and she wrote a letter to David begging him to reform. But she never doubted his guilt, or took the trouble to inquire into the cause of it. He had an attorney, an impecunious and very aged gentleman, whose life was a venerable failure, and who talked so much about his personal inconveniences from indigestion that he forgot to take a very keen interest in the concerns of his client. His trial made no sensation. He did not even have the cheap sympathy of the morbid. The court-room was almost empty the dull spring day when the east wind beat against the window, jangling the loose panes all through the reading of the verdict.

Twenty years!

Twenty years in the penitentiary!

David looked up at the judge and smiled. Men have been known to smile that way when the car wheel crashes over their legs, or a bullet lets the air through their lungs.

All that followed would have seemed more terrible if it had not appeared to be so remote. David had to assure himself over and over that it was really he who was put in that disgraceful dress, and locked in that shameful walk from corridor to work-room, from work-room to chapel. The work was not much more monotonous than that to which he had been accustomed in the office. Here, as there, one was reproved for not doing the required amount, but never praised for extraordinary efforts. Here, as there, the workers regarded each other with dislike and suspicion. Here, as there, work was a penalty and not a pleasure.

It is the nights that are to be dreaded in a penitentiary. Speech eases the brain of free men, but the man condemned to eternal silence is bound to endure torments. Thought, which might be a diversion, becomes a curse; it is a painful disease which becomes chronic. It does not take long to forget the days of the week and the months of the year when time brings no variance. David drugged himself on dreams. He knew it was weakness, but it was the wine of forgetfulness, and he indulged in it. He went over and over, in endless repetition, every scene in which Zoe le Baron had figured.

He learned by a paper that she had gone to Europe. He was glad of that. For there were hours in which he imagined that his fate might have caused her distress—not much, of course, but perhaps an occasional hour of sympathetic regret. But it was pleasanter not to think of that. He preferred to remember the hours they had spent together while she was teaching him the joy of life.

How lovely her gray eyes were! Deep, yet bright, and full of silent little speeches. The rooms in which he imagined her as moving were always splendid; the gowns she wore were of rustling silk. He never in any dream, waking or sleeping, associated her with poverty or sorrow or pain. Gay and beautiful she moved from city to city, in these visions of David's, looking always at wonderful things, and finding laughter in every happening.

It was six months after his entrance into his silent abode that a letter came for him.

"By rights, Culross," said the warden, "I should not give this letter to you. It isn't the sort we approve of. But you're in for a good spell, and if there is anything that can make life seem more tolerable, I don't know but you're entitled to it. At least, I'm not the man to deny it to you."

This was the letter:

"My dear Friend,—I hope you do not think that all these months, when you have been suffering so terribly, I have been thinking of other things! But I am sure you know the truth. You know that I could not send you word or come to see you, or I would have done it. When I first heard of what you had done, I saw it all as it happened—that dreadful scene, I mean, in the saloon. I am sure I have imagined everything just as it was. I begged papa to help you, but he was very angry. You see, papa was so peculiar. He thought more of the appearances of things, perhaps, than of facts. It infuriated him to think of me as being concerned about you or with you. I did not know he could be so angry, and his anger did not die, but for days it cast such a shadow over me that I used to wish I was dead. Only I would not disobey him, and now I am glad of that. We were in France three months, and then, coming home, papa died. It was on the voyage. I wish he had asked me to forgive him, for then I think I could remember him with more tenderness. But he did nothing of the kind. He did not seem to think he had done wrong in any way, though I feel that some way we might have saved you. I am back here in Chicago in the old home. But I shall not stay in this house. It is so large and lonesome, and I always see you and father facing each other angrily there in the parlor when I enter it. So I am going to get me some cozy rooms in another part of the city, and take my aunt, who is a sweet old lady, to live with me; and I am going to devote my time—all of it—and all of my brains to getting you out of that terrible place. What is the use of telling me that you are a murderer? Do I not know you could not be brought to hurt anything? I suppose you must have killed that poor man, but then it was not you, it was that dreadful drink—it was Me! That is what continually haunts me. If I had been a braver girl, and spoken the words that were in my heart, you would not have gone into that place. You would be innocent to-day. It was I who was responsible for it all. I let father kill your heart right there before me, and never said a word. Yet I knew how it was with you, and—this is what I ought to have said then, and what I must say now—and all the time I felt just as you did. I thought I should die when I saw you go away, and knew you would never come back again. Only I was so selfish, I was so wicked, I would say nothing.

"I have no right to be comfortable and hopeful, and to have friends, with you shut up from liberty and happiness. I will not have those comfortable rooms, after all. I will live as you do. I will live alone in a bare room. For it is I who am guilty! And then I will feel that I also am being punished.

"Do you hate me? Perhaps my telling you now all these things, and that I felt toward you just as you did toward me, will not make you happy. For it may be that you despise me.

"Anyway, I have told you the truth now. I will go as soon as I hear from you to a lawyer, and try to find out how you may be liberated. I am sure it can be done when the facts are known.

"Poor boy! How I do hope you have known in your heart that I was not forgetting you. Indeed, day or night, I have thought of nothing else. Now I am free to help you. And be sure, whatever happens, that I am working for you.

"Zoe le Baron."

That was all. Just a girlish, constrained letter, hardly hinting at the hot tears that had been shed for many weary nights, coyly telling of the impatient young love and all the maidenly shame.

David permitted himself to read it only once. Then a sudden resolution was born—a heroic one. Before he got the letter he was a crushed and unsophisticated boy; when he had read it, and absorbed its full significance, he became suddenly a man, capable of a great sacrifice.

"I return your letter," he wrote, without superscription, "and thank you for your anxiety about me. But the truth is, I had forgotten all about you in my trouble. You were not in the least to blame for what happened. I might have known I would come to such an end. You thought I was good, of course; but it is not easy to find out the life of a young man. It is rather mortifying to have a private letter sent here, because the warden reads them all. I hope you will enjoy yourself this winter, and hasten to forget one who had certainly forgotten you till reminded by your letter, which I return.

"Respectfully, David Culross."

That night some deep lines came into his face which never left it, and which made him look like a man of middle age.

He never doubted that his plan would succeed; that, piqued and indignant at his ingratitude, she would hate him, and in a little time forget he ever lived, or remember him only to blush with shame at her past association with him. He saw her happy, loved, living the usual life of women, with all those things that make life rich.

For there in the solitude an understanding of deep things came to him. He who thought never to have a wife grew to know what the joy of it must be. He perceived all the subtle rapture of wedded souls. He learned what the love of children was, the pride of home, the unselfish ambition for success that spurs men on. All the emotions passed in procession at night before him, tricked out in palpable forms.

A burst of girlish tears would dissipate whatever lingering pity Zoe felt for him. How often he said that! With her sensitiveness she would be sure to hate a man who had mortified her.

So he fell to dreaming of her again as moving among happy and luxurious scenes, exquisitely clothed, with flowers on her bosom and jewels on her neck; and he saw men loving her, and was glad, and saw her at last loving the best of them, and told himself in the silence of the night that it was as he wished.

Yet always, always, from weary week to weary week, he rehearsed the scenes. They were his theatre, his opera, his library, his lecture hall.

He rehearsed them again there on the cars. He never wearied of them. To be sure, other thoughts had come to him at night. Much that to most men seems complex and puzzling had grown to appear simple to him. In a way his brain had quickened and deepened through the years of solitude. He had thought out a great many things. He had read a few good books and digested them, and the visions in his heart had kept him from being bitter.

Yet, suddenly confronted with liberty, turned loose like a pastured colt, without master or rein, he felt only confusion and dismay. He might be expected to feel exultation. He experienced only fright. It is precisely the same with the liberated colt.

The train pulled into a bustling station, in which the multitudinous noises were thrown back again from the arched iron roof. The relentless haste of all the people was inexpressibly cruel to the man who looked from the window wondering whither he would go, and if, among all the thousands that made up that vast and throbbing city, he would ever find a friend.

For a moment David longed even for that unmaternal mother who had forgotten him in the hour of his distress; but she had been dead for many years.

The train stopped. Every one got out. David forced himself to his feet and followed. He had been driven back into the world. It would have seemed less terrible to have been driven into a desert. He walked toward the great iron gates, seeing the people and hearing the noises confusedly.

As he entered the space beyond the grating some one caught him by the arm. It was a little middle-aged woman in plain clothes, and with sad gray eyes.

"Is this David?" said she.

He did not speak, but his face answered her.

"I knew you were coming to-day. I've waited all these years, David. You didn't think I believed what you said in that letter, did you? This way, David—this is the way home."

PRINCETON'S BASE-BALL NINE.

Princeton has this year one of the best teams that ever played ball for the glory of old Nassau. The nine has been so fully commented upon in these columns that the briefest résumé at this time is sufficient.

C. C. Dana, '91—first base and captain, second year of office; age, 22; weight, 157; played three years at Exeter (preparatory school), and this is his fourth on nine at Princeton; good left-hand batter, base-runner, and above average fielder; has made an excellent captain.

W. E. Durell, '91—second base; age, 21; weight, 138; fifth year on the team; best batter (left-hand) and base-runner on nine; good fielder; covers a great deal of ground.

L. A. Young, '92—pitcher; age, 21; weight, 160; cool batsman; pitches very speedy ball.

Fred Brokaw, '92—age, 22; weight, 170; caught three years at Lawrenceville (preparatory school); good batsman and back stop; weak on throwing.

C. E. Knickerbocker, '91—short stop; age, 23; weight, 168; third year on nine; hard and accurate thrower; recovers quickly; left-hand batter.

Philip King, '93—third base; age, 19; weight, 160; first year on team; good fast base-runner; picks up ground balls well; weak on throwing.

F. H. Payne, '91—left field; age, 23; weight, 140; third year on nine; sure but not hard left-handed batsman.

E. B. Wright, '94—centre field; age, 19; weight, 160; first year on team; fine fielder and thrower.

A. G. Brown, '92—right field and substitute catcher; age, 21; weight, 164; second year on nine; determined player; fair catcher.

George Bergen, '91—substitute pitcher; age, 21; weight, 149; first year on nine; good speed and level head.

George Drake, '94—substitute pitcher; age, 19; weight, 150; first year on team; very fair; also plays in an out field acceptably.

C. P. Spooner, '92—substitute; age, 20; weight, 138; first year on team; excellent base-runner.

THE COFFEE EXCHANGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 436, Supplement.)

to enable him to put up more margins and thus protect his contracts, caused his downfall in 1887. On both occasions his calamity involved others, paralyzed the general market, and sent up call loans to a high percentage.

Always a leader in bull movements, Mr. Arnold, assisted by his son, F. B. Arnold, in 1880 settled with his creditors, and established a commission business in coffee. He is credited with the introduction of option trading into the Exchange, of which he was the first president, and which has since become the chief speculative coffee market of the world. Early in 1886 prices began to advance under the manipulations of a bull campaign, said to have been led by Joseph J. O'Donohue, the Tammany chieftain, and others, in connection with several leading houses in Havre. From $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound for the speculative grade on January 1st, value rose to nearly 12 cents at the end of the year, and to $17\frac{1}{4}$ cents in April, 1887. Then the leaders are understood to have sold out, after dividing profits said to have reached the sum of several million dollars. Now came the opportunity for the Brazilian bull syndicate, composed of several leading houses in Rio Janeiro, of whom Arnold & Co. were the United States agents. In April it began to boom the market, acquired a stock of from 400,000 to 700,000 bags, and by brilliant manœuvres, based upon anticipations of a short crop, advanced the price to 20.75 cents per pound. At this point conservative men took the alarm. Banks refused to loan on coffee except on the widest margins. Brokers held each other to the sternest accountability, and wary buyers prepared for the impending crash.

Yet the speculation was not without somewhat of a legitimate basis. The probability of a short crop in Brazil, Java, and Sumatra was imminent. Stocks in Europe were much smaller than in 1886 and 1885. But the advance was too rapid and wild to be enduring. The syndicate could not withstand the terrible pressure upon its resources. Collapse was inevitable and precipitated panic, in which three prominent and reputable firms were obliged to suspend, with liabilities aggregating over one million dollars. Immense quantities of coffee were thrown overboard by holders unable longer to carry them. Had not the bears themselves come to the rescue and bought largely, the revulsion would have ended in general demoralization and wholesale disaster. O'Donohue and Herman Sielcken, of W. H. Crossman & Brother, calmly purchased 100,000 bags at declining prices, and were loudly cheered for their bravery. Transactions were enormous, and represented an aggregate value of over \$8,000,000. The recorded sales were of 412,000 bags, or nearly 100 per cent. more than on any previous day in the history of the exchange. Depreciation in price of the coffee sold was to the full extent of \$800,000.

Liquidation of claims upon suspended firms, and release of claims upon Berla Cotrim & Co., of Rio de Janeiro, for 75 per cent. of their face value, restored matters to something like natural and healthful character. The total transactions of the exchange for the calendar year 1888 amounted to 20,997,500 bags, against 26,871,250 for 13 months of the previous fiscal year of the exchange. Speculative excitement had been temporarily quelled, and besides this, exchanges had been established at Antwerp, Marseilles, and London, which consequently diverted business from the New York market. Throughout 1889, with a single brief exception, largely due to a bull failure in Hamburg, the salutary lessons of 1887 were influential in maintaining a comparatively high level of prices, and a narrow margin of fluctuation in option and invoice trading. The remarkable political revolution in Brazil proved to be as little of a disturbing element in trade as the proclamation of emancipation in the previous year. Dom Pedro's dethronement decreased the rate of exchange from 28*d.* to 24*d.*, but left the coffee trade uninjured. The total transactions upon the exchange for the calendar year 1890 amounted to 9,733,000 bags, against 14,378,570 in 1889, and 20,997,500 in 1888. For the twelve months ending July 1, 1890, the total sales were of 13,011,500 bags against 16,222,250 in 1888-9, and 22,076,000 in 1887-8. The highest price per pound paid in the calendar year 1890 was 18.50 cents, in the month of September; the lowest was 13.90 cents, in December.

Speculation seeks to discount the future in hope of much and rapid gain, and strengthens the popular tendency to wrestle with scarcely calculable forces, and to enter blindly upon ventures in which rational foresight sees but little hope of eventual good.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

When a stage-manager, or indeed any stage person, finds a stranger prowling about behind the scenes during a performance, he feels and acts somewhat as the mother of a family would feel and act were she to see stranger eyes coolly and critically inspecting the mysteries of her domestic economics. So it is not possible for any great number of persons to get to the other side of that magic line of fire across which so many longing glances are cast.

But if such excursions were possible, the spectacular or comic opera stage would be the best to visit. There are more people on the stage, there is more dash and movement, and there is greater beauty and splendor of costume. All these things, which are for the public, lend color to the life which the public cannot and may not see.

At the Broadway Theatre just now Mr. De Wolf Hopper and his company are playing a piece called *Wang*. This is not an opera, not a musical farce, not a spectacular production, yet it has much of each in it. Perhaps this is the reason they named it an operatic burletta, which suggests a good deal of everything, and is obscure enough to be noncommittal. When the audience is not laughing at Mr. Hopper, or his sacred elephant, or the whining fat keeper, or smiling upon Della Fox and Anna O'Keefe, it is admiring the scenery, the groupings of human figures, the effects of light and shadow. And this operatic burletta will serve to illustrate the stage life that the public does not get a chance to laugh at or admire.

At a quarter to eight each evening, when numerous persons in all quarters of the city are hurrying through their coffee, and getting ready to go to the Broadway Theatre to see the burletta, ninety or a hundred widely scattered people are getting ready to go to the same theatre and do the burletta. There are stars from fashionable hotels or apartments, there are musicians from small houses and flats on the east side, curly-headed chorus girls from boarding-houses not far from Sixth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, stage-carpenters and scene-shifters, and little children from homes to which their theatre earnings bring added comfort.

As people come slowly and scatteringly into the front of the house, these people of the company arrive in haste at the stage door, pass through the narrow entrance hall to the stage, and on to the dressing-rooms. The stage is brilliantly lighted in every part. There are tall scenes pushing far up into the lofty flies, "borders" hanging down, properties of curious make strewn about everywhere, yet in a way that suggests order and design.

The stage-manager, Mr. Cripps, in his shirt sleeves, as ever, will tell you that he has under him a man who is responsible for the lights; another who answers for the scenes; a third who sees to the properties, which include every small movable thing about the stage. This leaves him free to attend to the people of the company, and to say, "Hush!" at frequent intervals.

By eight o'clock all these are in the dressing-rooms, and Mr. Cripps is waiting. Soon one or two chorus girls come down, dressed for the stage. They criticise each other gayly, patronize the carpenters and scene-

shifters, and peer through the curtain at the fast-filling house.

It is a quarter after eight, and the stage-manager presses an electric button, which rings a bell in a room below. The orchestra is there, hears, and files out into the theatre. The foot-lights brighten, the music begins, the fluttering and whispering of the audience and the dropping of the seats rise in the pauses, and is heard behind the scenes like a breeze in a thick-leaved forest. At the sound of the music, the chorus girls and men troop down from the dressing-rooms—the men down the stairs far to the left, the girls down the stairs far to the right of the stage. At the wings on either side are gathered groups in fantastic or splendid or picturesque costumes—men and women in Siamese dress; others in tights, with glittering helmets; others in boating gowns or French army uniforms.

The stage-manager gives another signal, and the curtain-raisers in the flies are on the alert. The chorus groups itself on the stage as it should be. The man who is to haul the steam-launch, laden with twenty girls, has hold of the rope, and steadies the double pulley with his foot. The curtain rises. A shout goes up from the chorus, and then a song. The steam-launch whistles and sails in, with girls waving and cheering and a whistle blowing. The audience is in Siam at a gathering of loyal subjects awaiting the coming of Wang.

But Wang is not nearly ready. There are many songs and much talking before Mr. Hopper appears. All this while he is over in his dressing-room, getting himself well disguised with a high bald wig, and lofty black topknot, and strange rat-tail whiskers, and painted forehead, and white eyebrows.

As he transforms himself from Hopper to Wang, a French artillery officer and a hideously painted savage, with huge lips and apparently nearly naked tattooed body, assist him. A man in evening dress and another in a business suit fill what remaining space there is in the little room, and comment freely upon the putting on of cosmetics and the fact that Tenny lost a race. As Mr. Hopper paints and plasters he takes an occasional puff at a cigar. At first the cigar does not look out of place, but it gets more and more incongruous as there is less Hopper and more Wang, and at last it feels this and goes out. Hopper was handsome, but Wang is low of brow and bald of head, and blue and yellow and brown of complexion.

Presently Wang is ready, and issues forth as ugly and wicked a Siamese as ever amused an idle hour with the pleasant patter of the bastinado. He goes under the stage, and appears on the other side, and pats his impatient elephant. This elephant is artistic to look at, but its mechanism is still more admirable. Two men pull on enormous leggings, and go under the canopy shaped like an elephant's back, and suspended from the flies by ropes. The men are buckled to the canopy, and the elephant is ready for use.

Two expert civil engineers had to be called in to make this elephant so that two men could bear its weight and the weight of Wang in safety. To prevent toppling, the engineers built the interior of the canopy like a bridge, so that the centre of the back, where the king sits, was like the seat of a stool, the long legs of which went down and fastened at the waists of the men who formed the legs of the elephant. Thus is the principle upon which bridges are built, and so the centre of gravity was thrown far down, and the uprightness of the elephant was assured. Woolson Morse, who wrote the music for Wang, invented this elephant. He is a versatile young man, as this fact shows.

Hopper mounts his elephant, and the play gets under way. As it is a thing which all may see, it has little to do with this article. But all the time it was playing, there was another play of which it seemed only a small part. Behind the scenes there were only glimpses of the stage performance. It all seemed strange and utterly unreal. The man or woman who stands beside you in the wings darts on the stage, says or sings or does something, and then darts back to take up the conversation where it left off. Into the wings are swept all sorts of strange sights and sounds from the audience and from the stage. To you, both stage and audience seem part of a play. There is the clapping of hands, the bursts of laughter, followed by solitary laughs of the slow-witted or unappreciative here and there. There are bits of the stage dialogue. Winks and hand-wavings and head-shakings intended to answer some similar signal in the wings.

At times all the company is on the stage. Again, only one or two are acting and the rest are waiting. The queerly costumed and heavily painted men and women stand or lounge about as though the performance was a thing in which they had not the least interest. There are small flirtations, comments on personal appearance, those odd, sharp bits of humor which shine in the talk of theatrical people everywhere. On a pile of lumber a stage-carpenter lies asleep. Squat upon the floor sits a Siamese warrior with his head on his knees. A good-looking French soldier is laughing, with his face very close to the face of a tall girl in tights and with big eyes—their eyes all look abnormally big, by-the-way; the paint does this. On the stage they are singing a love-song, and the laughing soldier and the girl in tights seem to be beating an accompaniment to it with their talk. Over in the shadow of some scenery a girl, also in tights, with a bright helmet on her black hair, and with her bare arms upheld by the handle of a spear, is leaning against a property table. Her eyes watch the laughing officer jealously, and her brows are drawn angrily. Still further in the shadow sits another warrior girl. Her arm upholds her head, and her face shows that she is both bored and weary.

Another girl is tossing three oranges in the air. A stage hand passes, and grabs a descending orange. She slaps him, there is a laugh from a score of girls and men, the passing stage-manager says "sh! sh!" and the laugh stops at this suggestion of a fine. The crowd of fifty people, so queerly dressed, so picturesquely grouped, seems to be happy and good-natured. Some stand high in the company and have their names in the papers; others get a bare living out of "the profession." But among them there is an absolute democracy. The humor of the piece they are playing is contagious.

On the other side of the stage there are fewer people, but the few are interesting in a new way. Here are five children, the oldest not over seven, and the youngest only four. Five prettier children it would be hard to find anywhere. They have ideal hair and eyes and features. They are dressed in some fancy costume which becomes them. As they walk about, careful to make no overloud noise, a quietly dressed little woman with a proud smile watches them. She is the mother of Beatrice, the prettiest, and takes care of all. The children are proud of their stage abilities, and await their turn with eagerness. As the dialogue draws nearer to their cue they get more eager, and arrange their gowns and their hair carefully. Soon they take their stand at the wings, with faces flushed and eyes bright.

When they come off, they make a dash for their dressing-room. Their color is high, and the girls kiss them, and the men pinch their cheeks and muss their hair, which is most trying. Then a girl in Siamese dress brings a big pitcher of milk and some bread, and the children sit about, and eat bread and milk and chatter together, with their long hair curling about their rosy cheeks and drifting upon their little shoulders, while strains of music and snatches of song, and now and then a ripple of laughter, come faintly from where the stage and the audience are.

The children appear again in the second act to sing a medley of Mother Goose rhymes, with big ugly Wang as leader. After this they lay aside their pretty stage dresses to put on plain little slips, and follow their mothers away to dreams of the big, ugly, good-natured Wang, to whom they throw kisses from the wings before they go, which he acknowledges from the stage with a short bob of his black topknot. But this is one of the things the audience does not see. Nor does it hear Della Fox gravely inquiring of a youth in evening dress whether she ought to carry her handkerchief, when she wears evening dress in the second act, in her waistcoat or in her pocket, and do men about town affect lilies-of-the-valley or carnations for boutonnières?

Nor can it hear the stories one of the quieter of the chorus girls is telling to the children while they sit solemnly on her knees, with their feet held out of the way so that they will not soil her short skirt, and listening intently. Nor the elephant-keeper complaining because he dropped some money at Morris Park. Nor the two chorus girls telling the wardrobe woman that the young ladies of Siam do not wear their hair as she wants them to wear theirs, which may be locally correct, but which is distinctly not becoming. This is the better part of the performance; for around and within the play are the scenes and incidents of this other play, which surpasses the set-down and prearranged one as human nature always surpasses clumsy mechanical imitations, no matter who writes the libretto.

BOULEVARD TUNNEL UNDER CHICAGO RIVER.

In addition to the World's Fair, the stock-yards will not be the only curious affair within the city limits of Chicago in 1893. There will also be a beautiful boulevard that will run under the Chicago River at one of its widest crossings. Chicago is rather vain of its boulevards, and there are not a few enthusiasts within the limits of the city who smile faintly when they hear mention made of the achievements of Baron Haussmann in this direction. The North and South Park Commissioners have at various times discussed the possibility of connecting the driveways on their respective sides of the river by means of some passageway that would not be of a structural nature inferior to these driveways themselves. It was certainly an unfortunate affair that the picturesque North Shore Drive should stretch itself longingly and impotently toward the majestic sweep of Michigan Avenue to the south. These two splendid roads were broken only by the muddy, sluggish stream of the river. It was manifestly wrong.

The last Mayor of the city, himself a civil engineer of no mean ability, struck with a brilliant idea, once proposed to build over the river a grand boulevard bridge. But this, to be at all of use, would necessarily be after the fashion of that clever bit of engineering that unites over the Liffey the "finest street in Europe," that is to say, Sackville Street, Dublin. But if the Mayor were given his way, and if the river were bridged thus, the schooner traffic of the city would be gripped about the throat, in a manner of saying, and the city's watery highway made worse than useless. The only way out of it (and this the Mayor suggested) was to elevate the bridge, and make it a fixed steel structure—an aerial boulevard towering over the masts of the highest vessels entering the port.

"A superb notion from an engineer's point of view," said the Park Commissioners, "but for practical purposes of no value."

While the Park Commissioners and the Mayor were wrangling *pro* and *contra* over this matter, a certain wealthy lady of Chicago was thinking. This lady, to do her shopping, was compelled to cross the bridges crowded with the vehicles of commerce. She would have preferred a boulevard for her carriage, but there was none. The thought of the Mayor's aerial drive was a dizzy thought. "The Mayor wants to build *over* the river," she said to herself. "Why not build *under* the river?"

This lady—Mrs. Horatio N. May—mentioned the matter to her husband. Mr. May was delighted with the scheme. He told his wife that she had been born with the genius of an engineer, and requested her to draught plans. Meanwhile, being one of the Park Commissioners, he spoke of Mrs. May's design to his associates of the board, and was delighted when he found that they all endorsed it. From that moment the success of Mrs. May's plans was assured. She bought books of engineering and studied them; she read up on the Thames Embankment; she sat down and computed the support of arches. Formulæ became as familiar to her mind as new patterns, and soon she could discuss the merits of all the noted river tunnels in the world. Her plans were matured, and the rough drawings were elaborated by Architect J. L. Silsbee, of Chicago, who will also be the supervising architect of the affair. The Board of Commissioners saw the plans and drawings, approved them, and now all that remains to be done to embody Mrs. May's famous idea is to bore and build and finish. The ground has already been carefully surveyed.

The entire length of the subway boulevard will be 3200 feet. The approaches at either end (the north end will be at Ohio Street and the south end at Randolph Street) will be through open cuts, each of which will be 800 feet long. These added together will account for one-half the length, so that the portion of the boulevard that will be actually under the streets of the city and under the bed of the river will be 1600 feet in length. The main drive will be 36 feet in width, and will be constructed of the usual boulevard material, that is to say, of concrete base, packed down and rolled, covered with smooth asphalt. The footway, that is designed to be only on one side, will be of the granolithic or granitoid construction, and will be 12 feet in width. Thus the total width of the boulevard will be 48 feet. The bed of the road will be about 20 feet clear of the arched roof, or about 40 feet below the surface of the water in the river. Dividing the side-walk from the roadway, will be erected a row of glazed Corinthian columns, forming supports with their capitals to the roof.

The entrances will be drawn out strongly with bold lamps, and perhaps a trifle of sculpture, and the designs promise something imposing in this feature. The interior walls and roof will be laid with white enamelled brick. Cement will be used in the masonry for the prevention of seepage, but it will hardly be a necessity, for beyond the roof the beauty of the interior will be protected from damage by water by heavy strata of steel and water-proof cement composition. Along and back of the columns will run a cornice of terra-cotta, ornate with moulding and sculpture. This cornice will serve a double purpose, for it will not only add greatly to the interior beauty of the tunnel, but will also act as a shade for the illuminating electric arcs.

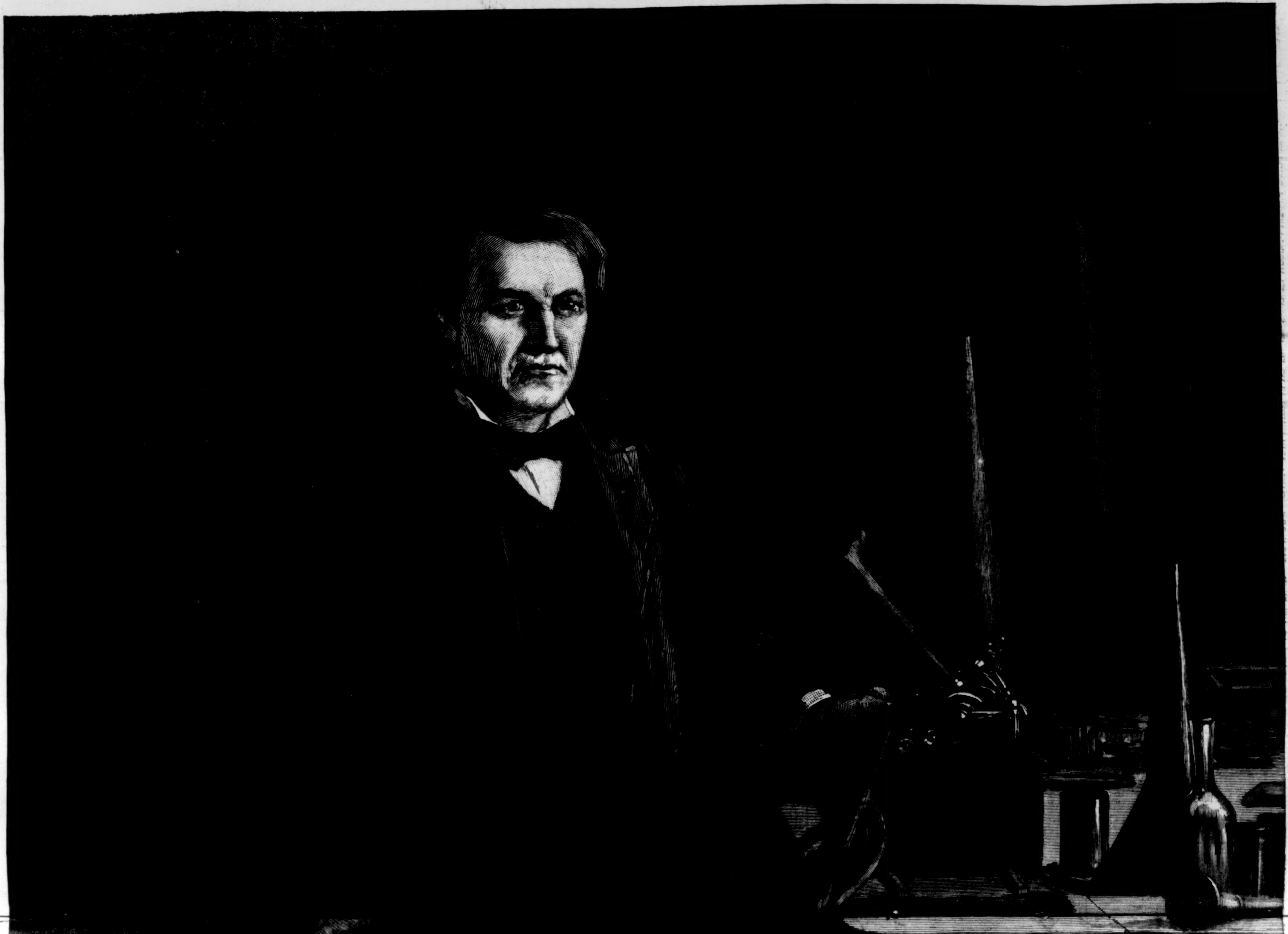
The electric lights that will confer on this tunnel the brilliance of the day itself will, it is almost unnecessary to say, be very numerous. Concealing themselves behind the terra-cotta cornice, they will fling out and around a radiance that, reflected from the white walls and the glistening roof, will furnish forth an artificial sunshine, the immediate intensity of whose glare will be shrouded from the eyes of the passengers. Thus will all the proverbial effects of a passage through a tunnel into open day be obviated by Mrs. May's wise designs.

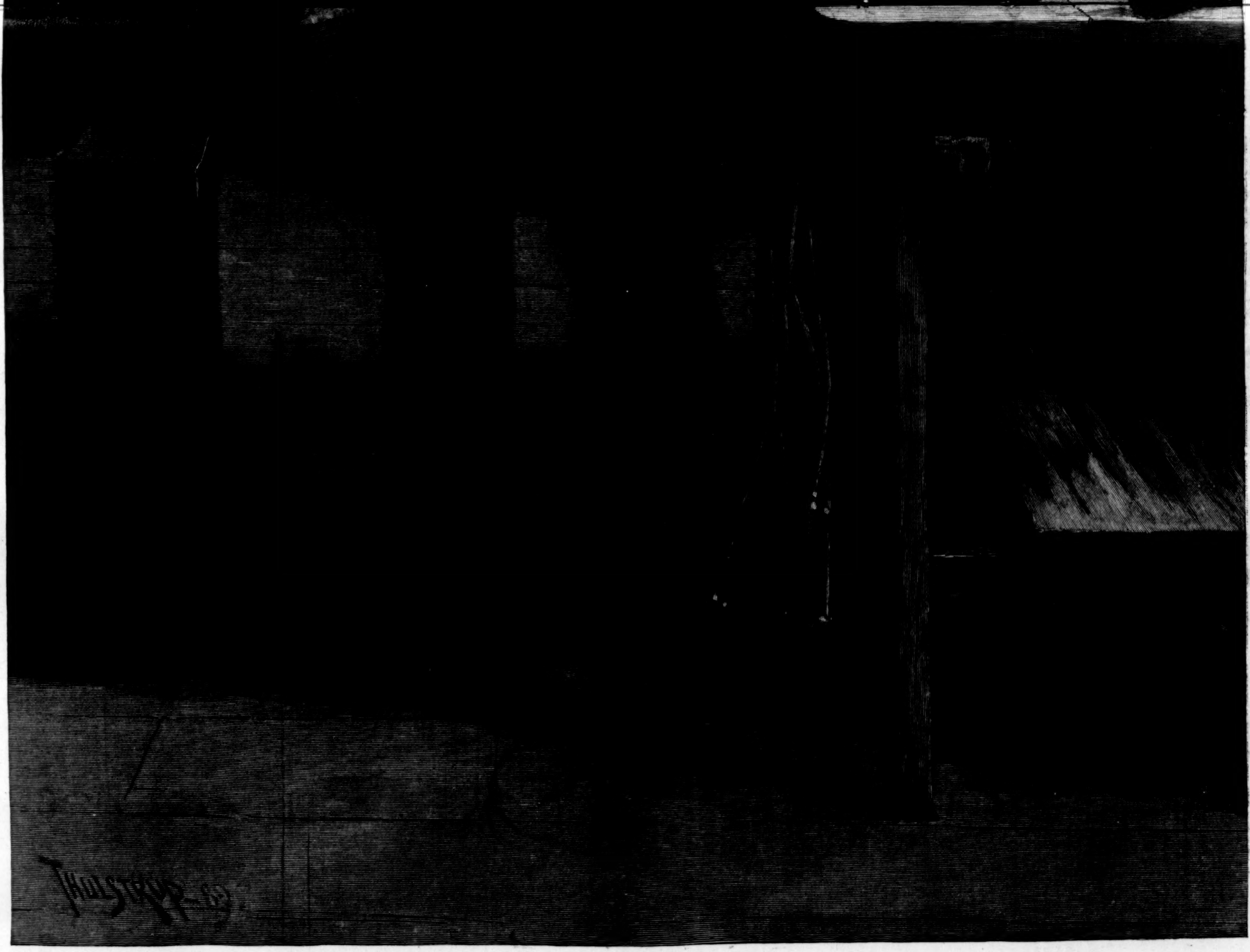
Another unusual purpose will be followed in the construction. The grade of the tunnel will be so slight as to be scarcely a consideration. The proportion of the grade will be one foot in 30. The fall of the tunnel under the river at Washington Street is one foot in 18; and of the tunnel at La Salle, one foot in 21. The difference, as will be seen, is considerable. The engineers will encounter no difficulty of a specially ungenerous nature in the work of construction. The passage will burrow its costly and artistic way under the stream along a line just east of Rush Street, or quite near that place, at which the river widens to flow into the embrace of the lake. The work should be completed and the connection between the boulevards of the south and the north sides consummated within the compass of two years. Mrs. May has worked conscientiously in her calculations of the cost, and states that it will all be done within the limit of $3,250,000, which will be paid by special assessment. The steel structure overhead proposed by ex-Mayor Cregier would require an expenditure of between $5,000,000 and double that sum.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

The death of Benson J. Lossing, at the age of seventy-eight, removes a writer who had done much useful and meritorious work, which but for him would probably never have been done at all. Mr. Lossing was born February 12, 1813, in the county of Dutchess, in which he spent the greater part of his long life, and in which he died. As a writer he was almost wholly self-educated, for his father, a farmer, died while he was still in his childhood; and it was after a very brief period of schooling that he was put to learn the trade of a watch-maker, at which he served an apprenticeship of nearly seven years, and was then taken into partnership by his employer. Yet, in 1835, at twenty-two, he became the editor and one of the owners of the Poughkeepsie *Telegraph*. In the following year he undertook, with his partner, another enterprise in the form of a literary journal called the Poughkeepsie *Casket*. In spite of these occupations he undertook to learn a new trade—that of wood-engraving; and in 1838 he became the editor and illustrator of *The Family Magazine*, the pioneer of American illustrated periodicals. The next year he established himself in New York as a wood-engraver, but continued to contribute to the journals in Poughkeepsie, devoting his evenings to them and his days to his more recent trade. The engraving business became, before very long, too important to permit this divided allegiance, and he abandoned journalism to found, in 1843, in connection with William Barritt, what for the ensuing quarter of a century was the largest and most important establishment for wood-engraving in New York. This employment, however, did not exhaust his active mind, and it was while he was prosecuting it, and indirectly in connection with it, that he planned his most important work, *The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, originally published in thirty numbers, from 1850 to 1852. This was a valuable work that could not have been done if it had been delayed much longer, since the memorials of the Revolution that were still extant forty years ago have now in great part disappeared, and it is only in Mr. Lossing's pages that the evidence concerning many of them is any longer accessible. The preparation of this work determined and confirmed what may be called its author's specialty as an instructive and entertaining local antiquary and historian. For twenty years he contributed to Harper's Magazine papers more or less directly bearing upon this specialty; and the valley of the Hudson, which was in a special sense his chosen field, became the subject of a series of illustrated articles, originally contributed to the London *Art Journal*, and afterward collected into a volume entitled *The Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea*, which was published in New York in 1866. Meanwhile he had written *The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler*, which was published in 1860, and in a revised edition in 1880. This was a diligent and interesting compilation, for which all the documents in the possession of General Schuyler's family were put under contribution, and it sheds much light upon life in New York during the Revolution. Two years after the first publication of this work Mr. Lossing began to prepare a successor to his *Field Book of the Revolution* in *The Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War in the United States*. Of this work three volumes were published—the first in Philadelphia, and the second and third in Hartford. The latest of the series was the *Pictorial Field Book of the War of* 1812, which was published in New York in 1868.

This concluded the series of literary labors that gave Mr. Lossing his peculiar standing and his peculiar usefulness among American authors. Though of unequal value they are all of considerable interest; and the first, as we have said, is of especial value as being the repository of information nowhere else accessible, that would have been irretrievably lost except for his painstaking collection of it into a permanent form. But this by no means exhausts the catalogue of his works. Among them are an *Outline History of the Fine Arts* (1841); *Lives of the Presidents of the United States* (1847); *Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six; or, the War for Independence* (1847); *Life of General Zachary Taylor* (1847); *Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence* (1848); *History of the United States for Schools* (1854); *Biographies of Eminent Americans* (1855); an illustrated *Life of Washington* (1860); and *Our Country*, a huge American history, in three volumes, with 500 illustrations by Darley (1873). The titles of his published works number thirty-six, and in addition to these he was for three years (1872–5) the editor of the *American Historical Record and Repository of Notes and Queries*. In 1868 he left New York to retire to a farm near Dover Plains, in the county of his birth, and there he passed the long afternoon of his useful and blameless life.





THOMAS A. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 446.]

EDISON'S KINETOGRAPH.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE name given to Thomas A. Edison's latest invention, the kinetograph, describes briefly the purpose and achievement of that remarkable mechanism. This purpose, it should be said, has nothing directly to do with what scientific men call "kinetic force," *i. e.*, the *force* of a moving body. The aim is simply to produce a perfect and true visual image of men, animals, or other objects as they appear when in actual motion. For some time before the new invention was announced, Mr. Edison thought of calling it, and in fact frequently did call it, the kinetoscope, which would mean "a vision of movement," or "movement sight," but he has finally christened it the kinetograph, a name compounded from two Greek words, meaning movement and writing. The sense, therefore, in which the kinetograph is to be understood is that of a "movement record."

It performs the same service in recording and then reproducing *motion* which the phonograph performs in recording and reproducing *sound*. There, in a nutshell, is the whole object and accomplishment of the kinetograph.

But, as any one may see, moving forms cannot be registered and retained, and then brought before our eyes again, by means precisely similar to those used for sounds. The phonograph does its work by engraving upon wax the almost invisible lines caused by vibrations of the voice or by noise or music, and from these lines the same vibrations may again be set going and heard again. But the function of the kinetograph is to set down and permanently record exact images of men walking, trees waving in the wind, birds flying, machinery in active operation—in fine, to secure pictures of any or everything that is going (*i. e.*, in motion), and then to show us a complete representation of those objects *with* their movement, just the same as though we were looking at the reality. In order to reach this result it must, of course, make photographs—a number of photographs, which, when seen in rapid succession, impress themselves upon the eye in such a blending that we get from them a single clear image of the moving man or brute, bird or machine. The kinetograph, then, is a new application of the art of photography united to peculiar ingenious mechanism, and with a new system of combining many separate photographs in one total effect, which reproduces with absolute fidelity and naturalness the *movement* as well as the form of the original object.

At first glance this may not seem an entirely novel achievement. But it is so, nevertheless, as may easily, I think, be made apparent. It is true that Muybridge and the French investigator Marie made great advances in quick photography, and were able to obtain pictures of men and animals during the transition from one attitude to another. The "horse in motion" is now fully domesticated in our minds. We are familiar with the fact that horses, and even our human fellow-creatures, take the most extraordinary positions when walking, running, leaping, or in other forms of exercise—positions which we cannot perceive with the eye, and only the keen lens and responsive plate of the camera can note down as they exist in fact. But hitherto it has been impossible to blend the separate pictures of these different postures in a single complete, active image. Muybridge succeeded in presenting them to the eye one after another fast enough to give some representation of the way in which they go to make up that general effect which we get in simply looking at a moving horse. But in his experiments the movement was jerky, unpleasant, and not natural. Locomotives also have been photographed while running at high speed, but the result on the negative and in the print was naturally that the engine looked as though it were standing still—a result inevitable with any single instantaneous photograph or series of photographs, unless the series can be passed through our field of vision so rapidly that our eyesight can bunch them together in one harmonious whole. This Mr. Edison has now made it possible and practicable to do. "All that I have done," he says, "is to perfect what had been attempted before, but did not succeed. It's just that one step that I have taken." Yes, that is all. But in science and invention the clever old maxim does not hold true that "it is the first step which costs." Not the first, but the last—the conclusive and triumphant step—is the one that costs and that counts. In this case it has cost Mr. Edison three or four years of study and patient trial (in the midst of his other more engrossing occupations), together with the outlay of much mechanical ingenuity. But it also counts to his great credit, for he has achieved what no man, so far as we know, ever did before. Even though this be but a single step of progress, it surely is a large, important, and even astounding one.

The camera-obscura gives us by reflection and concentration of light rays a perfect reproduction in little of any out-door or street scene upon which it is brought to bear, and this is amusing for the moment. But the effect is transitory; no lasting record is obtained. There is another toy, based on a very simple principle of optics, which roughly illustrates the plan adopted by Edison of mingling visual impressions on the retina so that we take them all in together instead of separately. This is the gyroscope, wherein several small figures or painted slips are so quickly revolved that they seem to come together when looked at through an aperture in the surrounding pasteboard; the same sort of thing is done by toy windmills with parts of a figure depicted on the separate arms. In these cases, however, the figures, or portions of them, must be painted, printed, or lithographed on the card-board, and they are at the best only conventional effigies. One striking difference in Edison's machine is that it photographs from life itself, and then reproduces the movement and appearance of life with such truth of action that if colors could only be given at the same time, the illusion that one was looking at something really alive would be absolute. But this is not all. The mere presentation of figures in action—the "reproduction," as it is called, the creating of the illusion—is only a part of the invention, and the smaller part. The "recording"—*i. e.*, the taking of the photographs—is by far the most difficult element of the kinetograph's duty; that which taxed the inventor's thought most severely. What mainly concerns us at present, though, is to describe the reproducing apparatus.

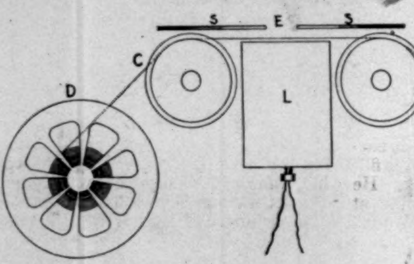


FIG. 1.

The kinetograph reproducer now in use at Edison's laboratory (Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey) is regarded only as the basis for still further development. Photographs are taken first from a living person in active motion—dancing, gesticulating, bowing, taking off his hat, grimacing, or flinging his arms about. This is done with a camera regulated by electricity, having a mechanism and other details of preparation specially devised for the purpose. At the time of the present writing it is impossible to give any illustration of the recording apparatus.

But it may be said here that photographic impressions are received through it upon a thin gelatine band which takes 46 impressions in a second. The band or strip runs along with prodigious rapidity behind the lens. Taking 46 pictures in a second, it would take in one minute 2760, and in one hour 165,600 of them. With the pictures an inch wide, and spaces of an inch between, it must travel $7\frac{2}{3}$ feet in every second. But since the strip is at rest during nine-tenths of the second, the passing of these $7\frac{2}{3}$ feet is really all done in *one-tenth* of a second. That is, the strip, when it does move, goes at the rate of about 50 miles an hour. It receives a perfect photograph of the moving figure in a small fraction of a second. The shutter closes and opens like a flash, and the gelatine band receives on another spot another perfect picture. So it goes on. A point of the utmost importance is this: *only one forty-sixth of a second* can be allowed for the whole process of taking a photograph *and for also moving the band along a certain distance*, so that it will be ready for the next impression. It is essential to expose the band to the light for the longest possible part of this fraction of the second. To give it such exposure as to obtain a distinct image, yet carry it forward quickly enough to receive another and another, up to the number of forty-six, was perhaps the greatest difficulty which the inventor had to overcome. He solved it, though, and now gets on the gelatine strip with ease the required number of negative images, each one of them being half an inch in diameter. One of the illustrations accompanying this article shows a section of such a strip containing sixteen little impressions of the upper half of a man's body. That is, it represents the work done by the camera in about one-third of a second. In the first few of these tiny pictures the man has his arms and his hands bent upward and inward above the shoulders, and in the following ones the hands are seen to be moved gradually farther away outward. It is a quick and careless gesture, one which the unaided eye would be quite unable to analyze. Yet here the several stages that it goes through are registered indelibly, and with such clearness as to make a trustworthy and valuable record of each one. The continuous strip containing these photo-impressions is, it will be understood, merely a negative. It can be used in the reproducer, and a good telling effect can be got from it. But the intention is always to print from the negative a positive strip. The positive, then, on being put into the "reproducing" box or cabinet, is deftly borne along very fast under a small aperture, in which there is a disk of slightly magnifying glass. A miniature incandescent lamp placed below the translucent filmy band illuminates the figures on it, making them very vivid. And so as they fly past while we are gazing through the disk, they mingle on the retina of the eye, and we see the little man wave his arm without hitch or pause as naturally and flexibly as though he were made of nerve and muscle. The main features of the reproducing mechanism are not difficult to describe. Fig. 1 shows the simple device for unreeling the photographed film from one coil, marked A, and carrying it up over the wheel B, past the aperture in the shutter and box at E. As it runs on beyond that point, it is caught by numerous little teeth on the wheel to the left, *i.e.*, C. In our engraving of the photograph strip many little perforations are seen indicated along the lower edge. It is in these holes that the projections of the toothed wheel catch, thus controlling the motion of the strip, and giving it an exact uniform progress. Finally, the strip is carried downward, and coiled again for future use on the reel designated by D. The compartment L contains the illuminating bulb, fed by wires from below; and a small electric motor, specially made for this machine, supplies the needed power. In Fig. 2—both of these sketches, by-the-way, were made by Mr. Edison for this article—the arrangement of the strip, and of the shutter between it and the glass opening, is outlined more in detail. The shutter is circular, and in both of our diagrams is lettered S S. Fig. 2 represents it as though we were looking down upon it vertically, with the gelatine strip, B B, lying flat under it.

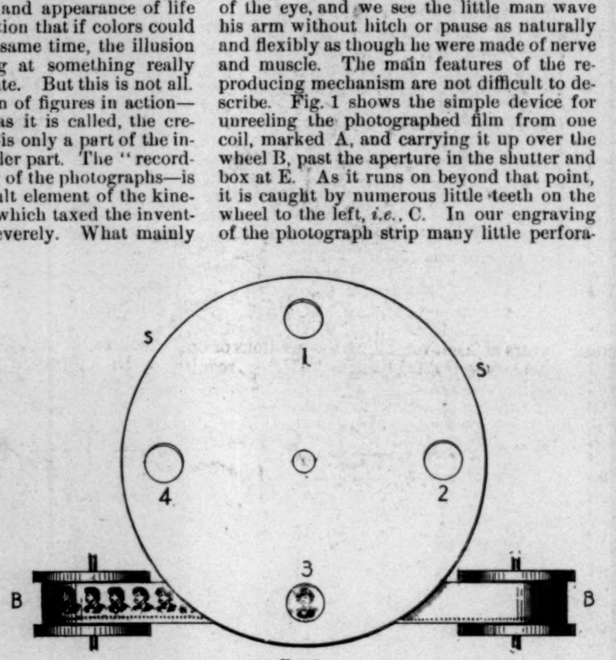


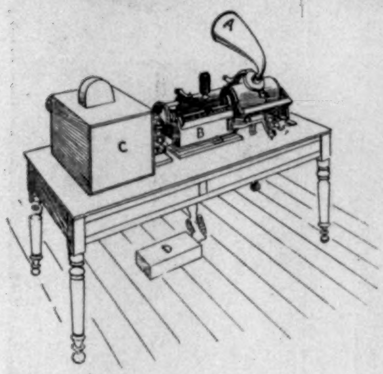
FIG. 2.

Now in the circular shutter there are four openings (1, 2, 3, 4), and it is so completely connected with the strip-moving mechanism as to act in perfect unison with it; so that when the shutter revolves, these openings one after another are brought opposite to and over one of the small pictures on the strip. As that picture glides on away from the aperture, the solid part of the shutter in the same fraction of a second intervenes between us and that blank space on the strip which separates every picture from the next. So through the shutter openings we behold only the flying photographs, and none of the blank portion of the gelatine strip or ribbon. It is in this way that we receive a continuous pictorial impression; and as each photograph slightly varies from the rest, they impart to our continuous impression a convincing illusion of life-like movements. I have spoken of gazing into the glass disk in order to see this illusive figure in action. But that is only a provisional arrangement. The usual and most effective manner of using the kinetograph will be to project the figures from this lens, greatly enlarged, upon a screen, where they may be shown, if need be, as of life size. The explanations just given will make it easier to apprehend the obstacles which Edison had to grapple with in working out the "recorder" part of the process, which is the very nucleus and essence of the invention. In the row of little portraits shown above, each figure on the original strip is half an inch square. The regular size to be used hereafter will be one inch in diameter; that is, just the size of the round picture given below.

The adoption of full-inch pictures enormously increases the difficulty of recording. Let me state the problem briefly. As has been said, forty-six pictures must be taken in one second, and for some forms of motion it might be necessary to get a still greater number. No more than one forty-sixth of a second being available for securing one picture and sliding the band along ready for the next, the question is, what will be the largest proportional part of that forty-sixth which can be devoted to exposure? Mr. Edison answers it by exposing the gelatine strip in his camera during nine-tenths of the forty-sixth—*i. e.*, $\frac{9}{460}$ of a second—and by so perfecting his machinery that it will close the shutter, pull the strip along one full inch, stop the strip again, and open the shutters, all in *one* four-hundred-and-sixtieth of a second. This is very quick work, involving much ingenuity, much delicacy and accurateness, in construction. Jerkiness and the momentum of the mechanism in these rapid operations were the most obstinate factors to surmount. As the gelatine band taking one-inch pictures must travel at the rate of more than 50 miles an hour, the feat which has to be performed may perhaps be appreciated if we imagine any one's trying to duplicate it in the case of a locomotive going at that same rate. To equal the kinetograph in celerity of pace and promptness in pausing, we should have to bring the locomotive instantly to a dead stand-still while in mid-career of its 50-mile speed, then—once more without the loss of an instant—force it up to a 50-mile speed again, and repeat this process forty-six times in every second. That would amount to stopping and starting 165,600 times an hour, which is precisely what the kinetographic recording strip does. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that each time the gelatine band is arrested so as to receive an impression through the camera lens, it must "stop dead." It cannot be allowed to vibrate or move so much as the millionth of an inch, for if it stirs at all the photograph will be shaky or blurred, and its usefulness for enlargement be destroyed. The little picture when thrown up to life size is magnified 57,000 times; therefore, to have any value when so greatly enlarged, it must of course be perfectly clear and accurate. This compels the use of very sharp lenses; and the gelatine band must also be peculiarly sensitive in order to register the impression quickly yet sharply. Photographs have indeed been taken by others in a much briefer time than $\frac{9}{460}$ of a second, but they are without body, faint, and not available for kinetographic reproduction. Hemment made some with an exposure of only one-thousandth of a second. Muybridge's pictures of different phases of movement, on the other hand, had the benefit of a much longer exposure than Edison's, and accordingly were much easier to take. Another important point in which the kinetograph surpasses all previous attempts is this: Hemment could get only six impressions at a time, and Muybridge, photographing a bird in flight, had to set up twelve cameras in a row, while Edison's kinetograph can capture any required number of pictures in rapid series, and uses *only one camera*. It can even, with a large field, picture a man or horse running a considerable stretch.

There is a different sort of kinetograph recorder which has not yet been shown even experimentally. The first appearance of this will be awaited with keen interest, for it establishes almost an exact parallel between this invention and the phonograph. In the form I refer to the recorder contains a revolving cylinder like that of the phonograph. Only, instead of wax, it will be made of highly sensitized glass; and upon it, while it turns, there will be taken a series of photographs only one twenty-thousandth of an inch square each—*i.e.*, invisible to the naked eye except as very small dark spots. These will impress themselves on the glass cylinder in a continuous spiral line, like that of indentations upon the phonograph's wax. But they will not be used for magnified projection. Instead, the cylinder will have a reproducing attachment corresponding to the phonograph reproducer, but, in this case, consisting of a microscope. So

while the cylinder twirls upon its axis, one may gaze through the microscope and have the whole action which has been imprinted on the spiral series of microphotographs unrolled before him, the figures in motion and enlarged to cover the field of the microscope. Thus we shall get in little with this form of kinetograph just what the simpler form already made public gives in large. In one respect here we find a precise resemblance to the phonograph. The two inventions are meant to be used together as well as separately. By a phonograph cylinder attached to a kinetograph cylinder, and moving synchronously with it, we may revive and enjoy all at once the sound, the sight, and the movement of any particular occurrence or performance. This, which can be done with the microscopic kinetograph, is practicable with the present magnifying kinetograph reproducer. The last of our illustrations represents the twin instruments ready to work side by side in a brotherly, harmonious way, and with what seems almost a conscious human intelligence. The original and unique



A. Funnel. B. Phonograph. C. Kinetograph. D. Battery.

birth of one brain, they are linked as closely as the Siamese Eng and Chang, not by a band of flesh, but by a bar of steel, viz., the shaft that rotates the phonograph cylinder (on the right of the table), and is also connected with the strip and shutter mechanism of the kinetograph, enclosed in a box on the left of the table. Underneath the stand is an electric battery, and a single electric motor animates and rules them both. The phonograph is fitted with its funnel for sending out sound, and the kinetograph is armed with its magnifying lenses for throwing forth large moving shapes upon a screen beyond.

To say that the kinetograph can be nothing more than a marvellous toy would be hasty. It suggests great possibilities, and meanwhile it is as plain as day that the resources which it opens in the way simply of amusement are very large. Mr. Edison's minute inch and half-inch photographs reproduce in action every little muscular movement of the face, can show people laughing, smiling, crying, and so may be used to exhibit the gestures and changing facial expressions of orators, humorists, and actors. By means of them, too, we shall be able to repeat in life-like shadow-play all sorts of dances, the rhythmic whirl of ballrooms, scenes from the theatre, or exciting debates in Congress. Military processions, camp scenes, street scenes (with their accompanying noise and stir), horse-races, prize-fights, athletic games, famous base-ball players batting or catching, college crews swinging with a racing stroke in their boat, and the contortions of acrobats, will all be material for the kineto-phonograph. And even the kinetograph alone, by presenting some of these things in dumb-show, without voices, holds in itself a great fund of entertainment. As the speed at which the photographs are run may be greatly increased, so that the figures, if desired, will move three times as fast as the actual persons could, a variety of comic and grotesque exaggerations might be produced by this means. It seems to me just as evident that the kinetograph may become very useful for instruction in sundry directions. Why not apply it to acting, for the preservation and study of high examples of that art? Mr. Edison expects even that it will some day reproduce the majestic tumult of Niagara. It can picture a locomotive with rods and wheels in full swing of motion, or other machinery and operatives at work. What object-lessons might it not bring to us from foreign lands of literally moving sights or accidents, and the animated presence of far-off peoples! Children could have kinetographic menageries, full of authentic specimens taken from life, and moving as in life instead of by crude imitation. We seem to be nearing a time when every man may realize the old philosophical idea of a microcosm—a little world of one's own—by unrolling in his room a tape which will fill it with all the forms and motions of the habitable globe. By supplying illustrations of this kind for school-books and travels, and by preserving for future ages vitalized pictures of each passing generation or of historic events, the kinetograph may yet play a part of incalculable importance in human life.

YALE'S BASE-BALL NINE.

Gouverneur Calhoun, captain and second-baseman, played short stop on the Chicago High-school team previous to entering Yale. He got on the 'varsity in his Freshman year, and has filled the right field, short stop, and second base, as well as serving two years as captain.

W. F. Poole is serving his third year on the nine. He captained his Freshman team, and succeeded Dann as catcher for the university in '89. He prepared for college at Evanston, Illinois, and at Phillips (Andover). At the former his team was a rival of Calhoun's for High-school championship of Chicago. At Andover he acted as catcher, second-baseman, and out-fielder.

A. J. Parker, right-fielder, has devoted most of his attention to tennis during his college course, but has found some time for base-ball. He prepared at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and caught for the nine two years. He played on the '91 Freshman team.

W. H. Murphy played a few games at centre field with the 'varsity last year, and is filling the position of short stop this year. He played five years with his school nine at Westborough, Massachusetts; out-field, third base, short stop, and pitcher's box, being the positions in which he served at different times.

H. O. Bowers, pitcher, was substitute on the nine last year. He has played with various amateur nines in northern Connecticut for four years past.

H. W. Cushing was a member of '91's Freshman nine, and is playing his third year with the 'varsity. His regular position is in the out-field, but he has played at second, third, and short.

T. L. McClung, first-baseman, has been a member of the nine for three years. Freshman year he alternated with Poole behind the bat, but played regularly at short stop. He prepared at Phillips (Exeter), where he was catcher for four years, captaining the team in his Senior year.

H. T. Jackson, substitute catcher, played first base for the nine at Siglar's school in 1886. From there he went to Lawrenceville, and covered first base two years. During his third and Senior year he acted as captain and catcher for the Lawrenceville club, succeeding Brokaw. This is his second year at Yale.

G. B. Case acted as pitcher, first-baseman, and out-fielder for Phillips (Andover) last year. He was captain of the present Freshman nine until his services were required on the 'varsity. He covers left field and alternates in the pitcher's box.

L. T. Bliss, substitute fielder, played two years at Andover, filling the positions of outfielder and third-baseman. He is regular centre-fielder for '94's Freshman nine.

J. H. Frambach is substitute pitcher. His experience was gained at Northwestern University four years ago, and later with amateur nines in Wisconsin.

J. H. Kedzie prepared for college at the Evanston (Illinois) High-school. He played there as catcher for three years. Last year he was at Northwestern University. He is regular catcher for the Freshman nine, and substitute third-baseman on the 'varsity.

DR. FORDYCE BARKER.

Dr. Fordyce Barker, one of the most eminent physicians of this century, died at his residence in Thirty-eighth Street, New York, last week, aged seventy-three years. Dr. Barker had been practising his profession for fifty years, and for more than thirty years of that time he has stood in the very front rank. He was a native of Maine, and born of an English family, his father being a physician. In 1837, when he was nineteen, he was graduated at Bowdoin College. He studied medicine in Boston with Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, and also with Dr. Charles H. Stedman at the Chelsea Hospital. Then he went to Edinburgh and Paris, and received a degree of Doctor of Medicine at Paris in 1841. Returning to America, he at once began to practise at Norwich, Connecticut. Four years later he was made Professor of Midwifery in Bowdoin Medical College. Of obstetrics he made a special study, and in this branch of his profession he early won great distinction. It was on account of this distinction that he was invited in 1850 to come to New York, and take the chair of Midwifery and Diseases of Women in the New York Medical College. This invitation he accepted, and once that he had taken up his residence in New York, his position was assured. In 1852 he was made obstetrical physician to Bellevue Hospital, and this post he held for twenty-two years. In 1860 he accepted the chair of Clinical Midwifery and the Diseases of Women in Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

In his specialty Dr. Barker was consulted by physicians from all parts of the country, and patients were sent to him from far and wide. But as a family physician his position was unique. His disposition was most charming, and his cheerful presence brought sunshine into every sick-room he entered. When he reached a patient he not only reassured the family, but cheered up the sick person by restoring confidence. If all did not feel that everything was safe while he was in charge, they were confident that the very best would be done that was possible, and they were correspondingly hopeful. His presence—he was a tall and commanding man—and kindly face aided him no little in his ministrations. He had as his patients very many of the richest and best-known families in New York. He attended the late William B. Astor, and also his son the late John Jacob Astor. He was General Grant's physician in his last illness.

He was a most popular man in the profession, being alike respected for his ability and beloved for his amiability and generosity. He was especially kind to the younger men, and never failed to assist in an unostentatious way a man who was struggling against adversity. One of these, who had known Dr. Barker and been his intimate friend for many years, said, when he learned of his death: "The profession has lost one of its most distinguished members, and we who knew him a very dear friend. He was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew. Every one who ever came in contact with him became his admirer. I never heard a person say an unkind word of him. You could not help loving him. Of late years, when he begun to fail, some of his cheerfulness left him. He did not want to believe that dissolution was approaching, and I think that the most any one could do to offend him was to suggest that he was breaking. Instances of his big-heartedness are innumerable, though he never told of them. Whatever help he gave to a member of his profession would never have been known if the recipient of his aid had not told of it. I never knew a physician who could inspire so much confidence in a patient."

For more than twenty-five years past it has been Dr. Barker's habit to go to Europe every summer. He knew both Thackeray and Dickens. When Thackeray was in this country Dr. Barker was his physician; and Dickens, on his last visit to America, was Dr. Barker's guest while in New York. Dr. Barker had visited both of the great novelists in England, and was frequently a guest at Gad's Hill. Five years ago, while in Europe, Dr. Barker had typhoid fever, and he has never been the same man since. He kept up his work, however, and only three days before his death he drove about the city attending to his practice. The next day he was in his office, with an outer room full of patients, when stricken with paralysis, and died forty-eight hours later. He asked the physician who was called if the stroke were not paralysis; and being told that it was, said, "Well, I guess this will be the end."

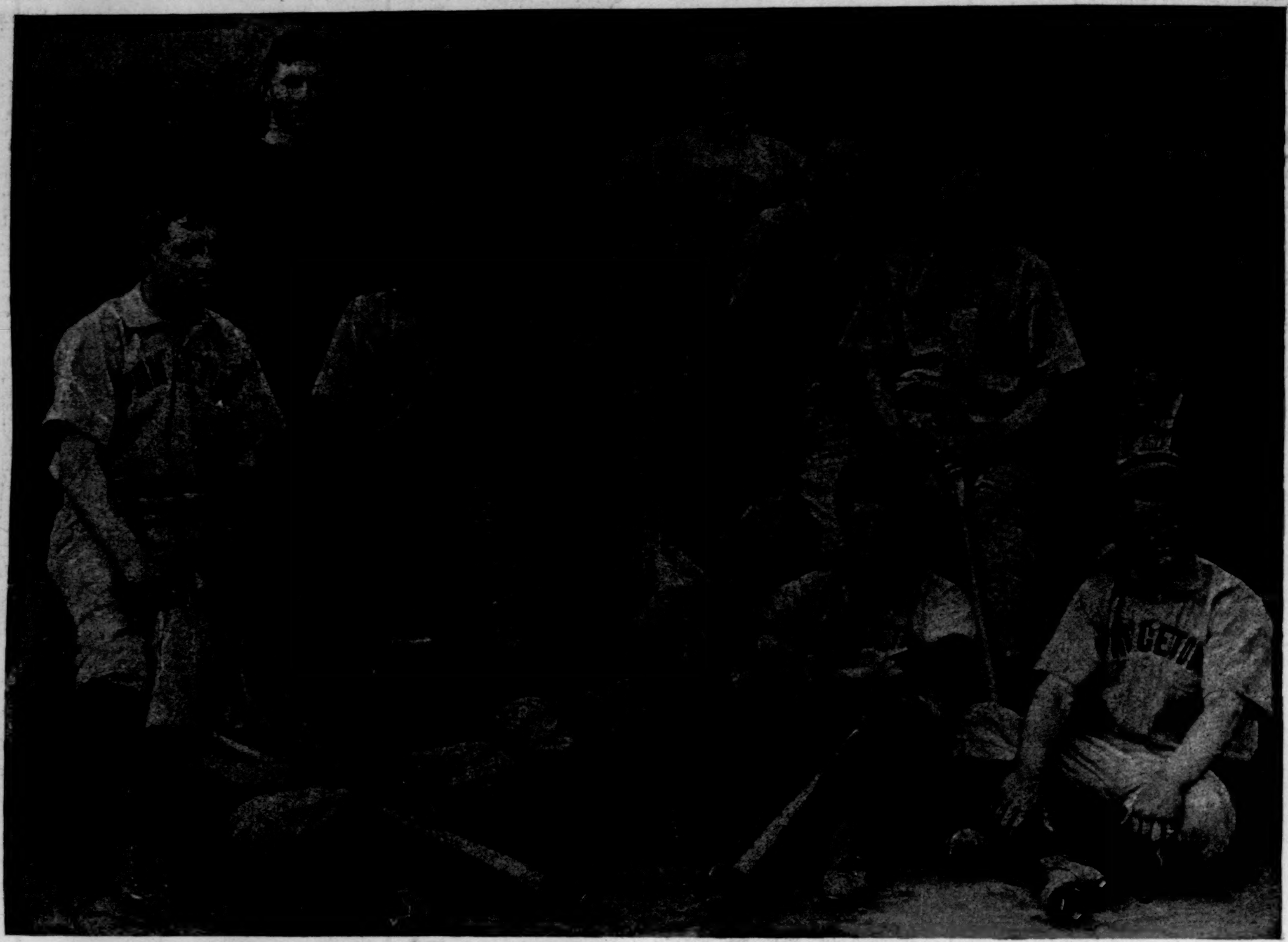
Dr. Barker was made a Doctor of Laws by his *alma mater*, Bowdoin College, and the same degree was conferred on him by Edinburgh University and Columbia College. He was consulting physician to Bellevue Hospital, the Nursery and Child's Hospital, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and the Cancer Hospital, and surgeon to the Woman's Hospital. He was a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, of which he was President from 1878 to 1884, the New York County Medical Society, the New York Obstetrical Society, the New York Pathological Society, the New York Medical and Surgical Society, the Medical Society of the State of New York, and the American Gynæcological Society. Of the last two named societies he had been president. He was also Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical Society of Athens, and a member of the obstetrical societies of Edinburgh, London, Philadelphia, and Louisville, and of the Philadelphia College of Physicians. He published many lectures and medical papers, and also a work on puerperal diseases. This was translated into German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He also wrote a treatise on seasickness.

He was a musician, and passionately fond of music. As a youth he led the string band at Bowdoin College, and when he lived in Norwich, Connecticut was the organist of the Episcopal church there. This taste he preserved through life.

"GRANT, OUR CITIZEN."

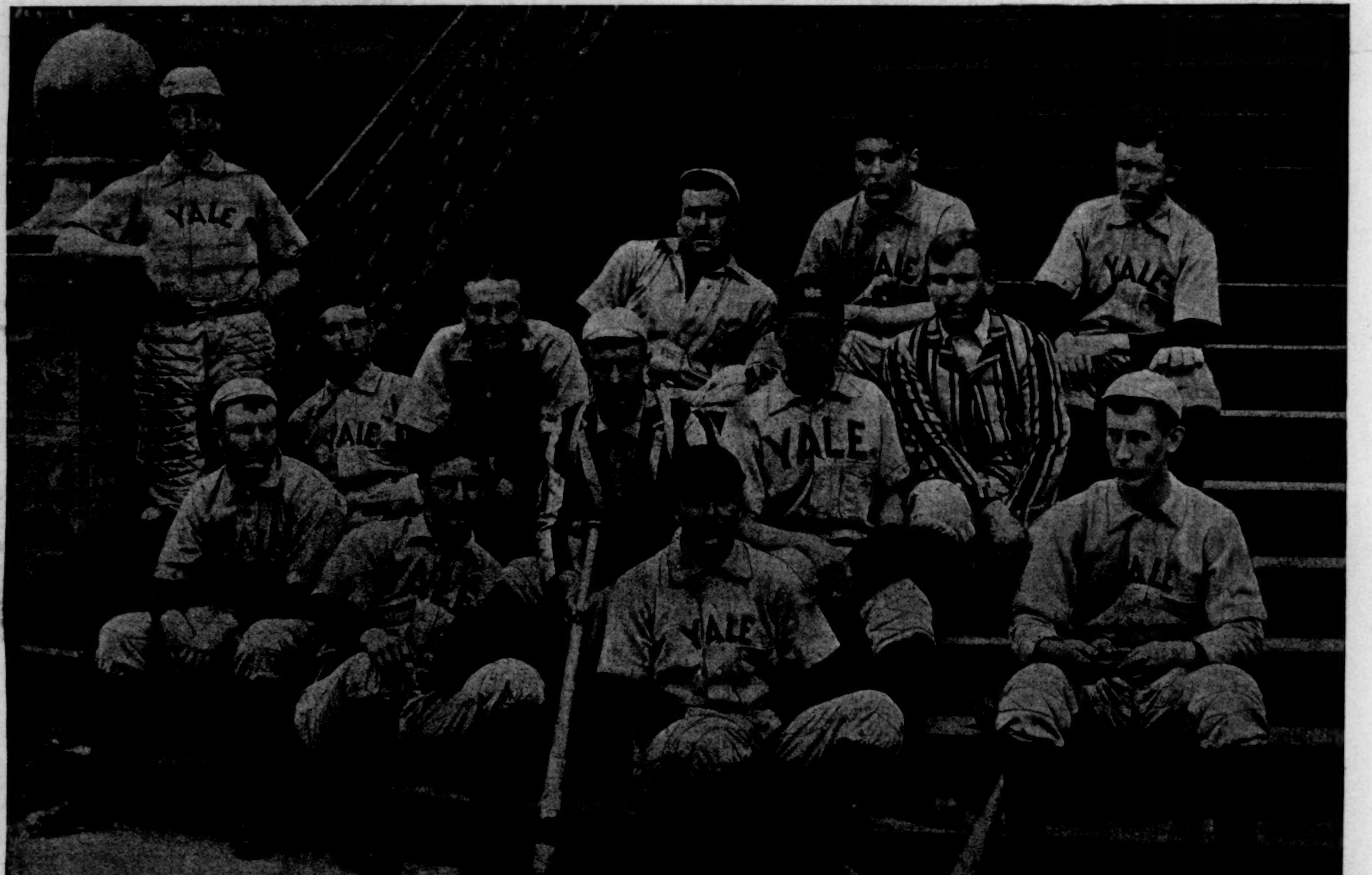
On Wednesday, June 3d, was unveiled the statue of General Grant at Galena, Illinois. "He was your own beloved citizen," said Ex-Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, in the introductory speech, and in such character is he represented. "Grant, our Citizen" is the legend across the base of the statue. It represents him as a citizen of Galena at the close of the war. He is in citizen's dress, standing in a characteristic attitude, absorbed in contemplation, and his old friends say that it is an excellent portrait of him as he appeared at that time. The figure of the monument is of bronze, eight feet in height, resting upon a pedestal of granite. Three sides of the pedestal contain bass-reliefs of incidents in the life of General Grant, one of them being the scene at the meeting of the two great leaders at Appomattox, Grant and Lee clasping hands in the centre. A Chicago artist, John Gelert, is the designer of the monument, which was presented to Galena by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaart, of Chicago, a member of the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition. The statue stands in the centre of a large park lately made in the heart of the city.

The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the statue were very interesting. It was a gala-day for the city where the famous General made his home. Grant went there in 1860, where he engaged in business which paid him $800 a year. When the war burst upon the country, Grant at once announced his intention of serving, and at a public meeting in Galena he was elected captain, and in that capacity went from the city with a company of volunteers. When he returned, he was the world-famous General. Completing his trip around the world, General Grant settled in Galena for a little while, and his old towns-people were delighted to honor him at the unveiling as a citizen, while the visitors held him dear as a fellow-countryman. A number of veterans and distinguished people participated in the ceremonies, Chauncey M. Depew being the orator of the day. The statue was unveiled by Miss Pauline Kohlsaart, the little daughter of the donor.



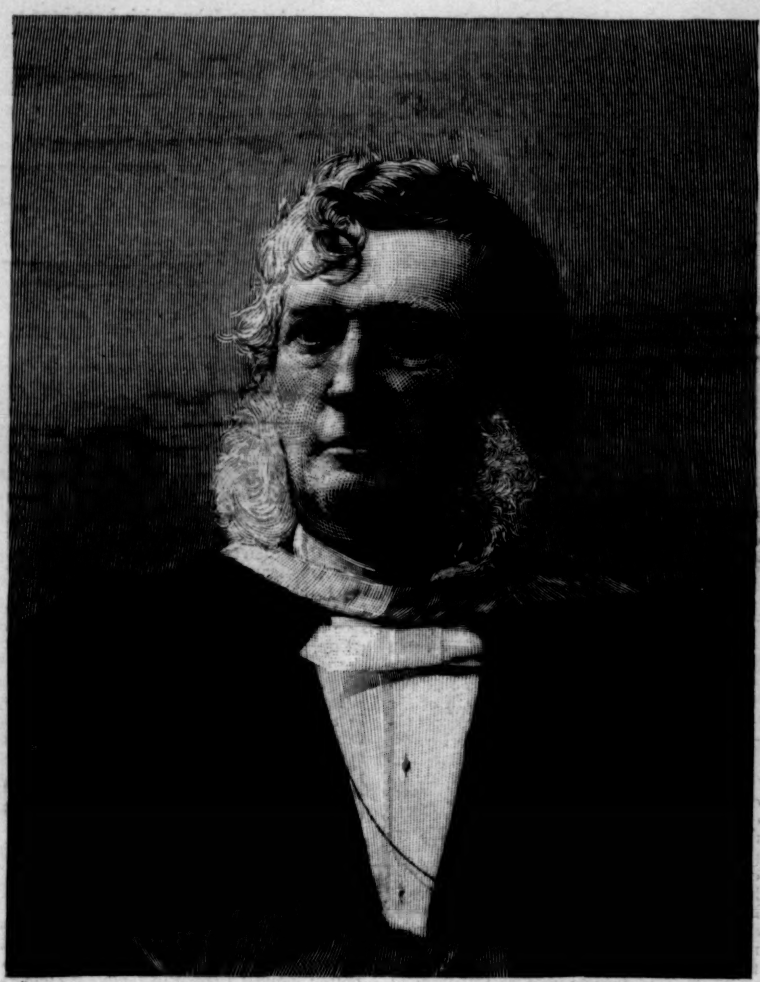
Philip King. George Drake. George Bergen. L. A. Young. Fred Brokaw. C. C. Dana. A. G. Brown. C. E. Knickerbocker.
C. P. Spooner. F. H. Payne. W. E. Durell. E. B. Wright.

PRINCETON'S BASE-BALL NINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

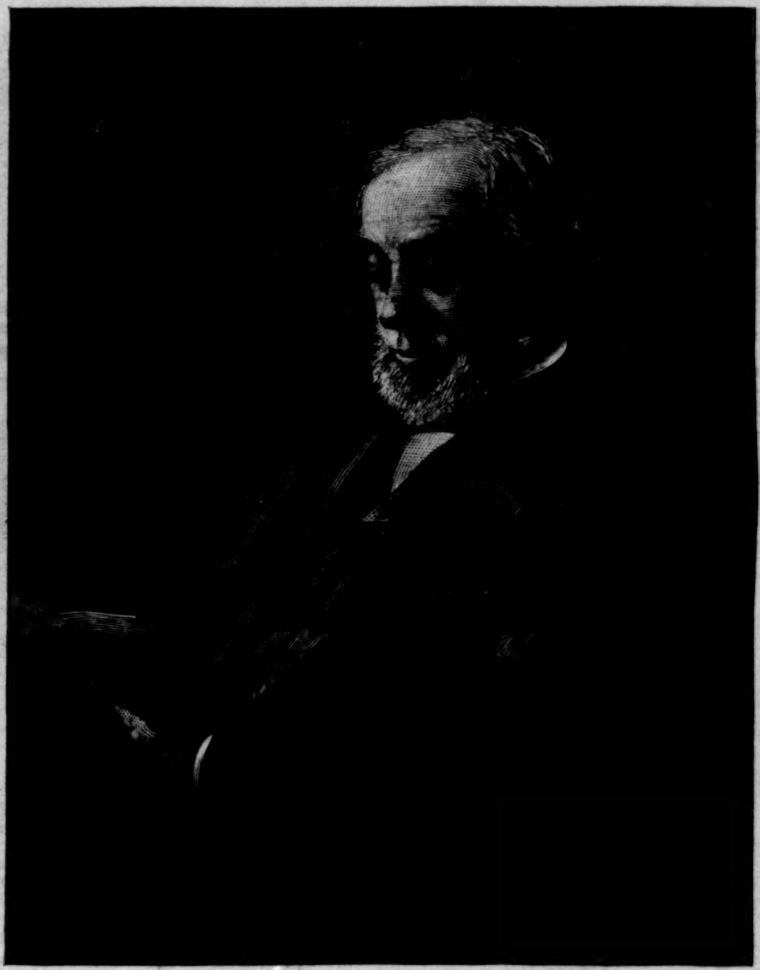


Evans. J. H. Kedzie. W. F. Poole. G. Calhoun. T. L. McClung. G. B. Case. W. H. Murphy.
J. H. Frambach. H. W. Cushing. A. J. Parker. H. T. Jackson. L. T. Bliss. H. O. Bowers.

YALE'S BASE-BALL NINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 447.]



DR. FORDYCE BARKER.—From a Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 447.]



BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.—[See Page 443.]

THE FOUNDERS OF MARYLAND.

Some of the first English colonists in America gave to their settlements, or to the land embraced within their charters, the names of their respective founders, thus perpetuating their memories. In some cases this personal naming of the New World was inspired by no feelings of reverence or love, but rather regarded as an act of policy, or it may be convenience. In all cases, however, where the former motives actuated the settlers, the people of the places to-day are apt to regard the original holder of the name with the same feelings as animated their forefathers in conferring the honor. Maryland was named after the Queen of the first Charles, from whom the charter of the colony was obtained, but a great city and a fertile county bear the title and the family name of the man who was instrumental in obtaining the grant, and whose sons led the first colonists to the region of the Chesapeake. The names of Calvert and Baltimore are most intimately connected with the early history of the State and the thought of the people. Sir George Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, was assigned a high place in the court of Charles I. He was a Roman Catholic, and debarred from the privileges of many of the other colonies by reason of his religion; but such was his high position in the eyes of all people in England that he was able to obtain large concessions from the King. He was made proprietary lord of the new province, with many privileges, and it is to be especially noticed that

THE UNVEILING OF THE CALVERT MONUMENT NEAR BALTIMORE.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.

through his efforts and owing to his benevolence the colonists of Maryland were blessed with certain rights upon which the prosperity of our present government is partly based, namely, that of religious freedom and that of legislative representation. According to Bancroft, "he was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects." Such was the man who provided the benefits which he did not live to see enjoyed. When the great seal was affixed to the charter, and all patent rights confirmed, the second Lord Baltimore, Cecil Calvert, was the recipient of the favors, but the work of colonization was carried on as his father desired. At great personal expense the colony was fitted out, and escorted to the beautiful province in the *Ark and Dove* by Leonard Calvert, who acted as lieutenant for his brother, on March 27, 1634. After having made rapid surveys of the country, the village of St. Mary's was planted, and a period of prosperity instituted.

To the Calvert family belongs all honor, and all hearts are animated by their endeavors in the cause of personal liberty. To Leonard Calvert, the first Governor of the province, all people are drawn, and to him have the people of Maryland erected a monument. The Legislature of the State appropriated the money for the purpose, and on June 3d the memorial was unveiled by Miss Calvert, of Washington, a direct descendant of the Governor. The monument stands in the old town of St. Mary's, upon the spot where the colonists gathered upon their landing. The monument is a shaft thirty-six feet in height, of American granite. The base, which is six feet square, bears four inscriptions, which repeat his virtues and the nobility of his character. The whole story is told in the legend on the back, which reads:

Erected
On the Site of the
Old Mulberry Tree
Under which the
First Colonists of Maryland
Assembled
To Establish a Government
Where the persecuted and oppressed of every creed and of every clime might repose in peace and security, adore their common God, and enjoy their priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty.

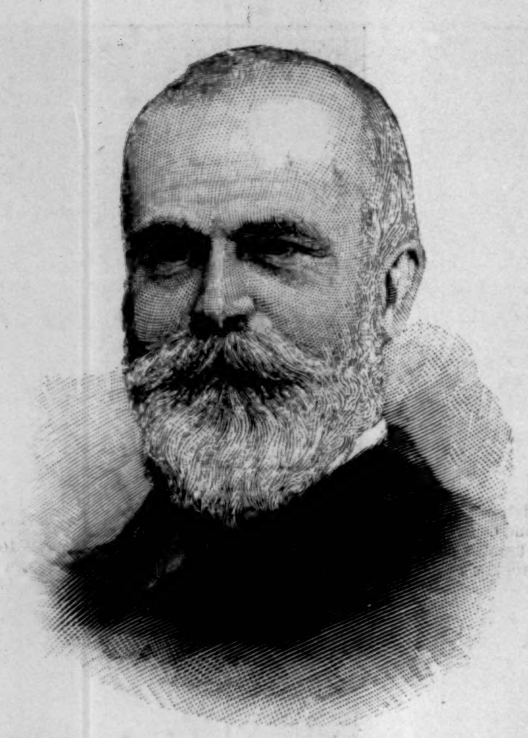
Colonel Scharf was the orator of the day, and paid an interesting tribute to the memory of the men who laid the foundations of civil liberty. Ex-Governor Pinckney Whyte also spoke, and Bishop Paret pronounced the benediction. The Governor of the State and a representative lot of Roman Catholic clergy were among the distinguished company present at the ceremony.

JUDGE SAMUEL M. BRECKINRIDGE, LL.D.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

The sudden and tragic death of Judge Samuel Miller Breckinridge on the floor of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Detroit, Michigan, on the 29th of May, closed a career of singular nobility and usefulness. Sprung from families distinguished in church and state, he happily united the tendencies of the various threads of his ancestry, and added fresh distinction to the honored names he bore at the bar and on the bench, in the halls of Legislature, and in the assemblies of his Church; while by the most winning traits in social life he kept alive the peculiar memory of his father, who was known to all as the most lovely of Christian gentlemen. His father, the Rev. John Breckinridge, D.D., died in 1841, and left his only son to the care of his maternal grandfather, Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., the distinguished Princeton theologian, and of his uncle, Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D. From both of these sources the son imbibed Presbyterian theology and stanch Union sentiments. Educated partly in Princeton and partly in Kentucky, he removed in 1849 to St. Louis, and though only just of age, rapidly attracted notice by his scholarship, ability, and the grace and ease of his oratory. With the utmost decision he embraced the Union cause. In 1854 and 1855 he served in the State Legislature, and in 1859 was elected to the bench of the Circuit Court. Throughout the war he was active in support of the administration, and throughout his life remained one of the leading Republicans in Missouri. Though often urged, subsequent to his retirement from the bench, to become a candidate for office, and on two occasions pressed to accept the Republican nomination for the Governorship, he invariably declined. This unwillingness to enter actively into party politics was due more to the modesty of his character, and his settled repugnance to all self-seeking, than to unwillingness to make sacrifices for his party. On several occasions he was prominently mentioned as a probable appointee to the United States Supreme Bench, and also for a cabinet position, either of which positions he would have greatly adorned.

While he was thus refusing to seek the places which his talents seemed to so richly deserve, he was constantly serving others in a great number of positions of confidence and trust. He was the president of the University Club, of the Princeton Association,



JUDGE SAMUEL M. BRECKINRIDGE, LL.D.

of the Presbyterian Social Union, and many other similar institutions of his city. No public meeting was complete without his genial smile and graceful wit. When Lord Chief Justice Coleridge visited St. Louis a few years ago, he was the chairman of the reception committee, and illustrated his wide acquaintance and remarkable memory by presenting the great throng of guests to the distinguished visitor by name, without hesitation or prompting.

For twenty years he was a ruling elder in the Church, an oft-appointed delegate to its General Assemblies, and a member of the most important committees, such as that for the revision of the "Book of Discipline," and that on "Theological Seminaries."

But none of these things can give an idea of the man. The story of his life cannot be read in what he *did*, but must be sought in what he *was*. The humblest came to him for counsel, the strongest for encouragement; rich and poor, white and black, every class in the community, knew, honored, and loved him. He never forgot what he owed to others, and he had the courage to rebuke, as well as the interest to commend. It is needless to analyze what he was, for it is easy to sum it up in what he wished to be, and happily was—the Christian gentleman.

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, K.C.B.*

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

The solicitude of Queen Victoria, expressed by cable messages twice a day, as to the condition of her faithful subject Sir John Macdonald, who, three thousand miles away, lay a-dying, will be the key-note by which the friends of this remarkable man would like to have him judged. Even those whom he did not count among his friends will admit that to judge him by the standard of loyalty to Great Britain, will be but to faithfully reflect the spirit that appeared to animate the greater part of his policy during the long period through which he guided the ship of state. When it is recalled that the region over the destinies of which he so long presided comprises half a continent, occupying a space larger than that of the United States, and includes in area forty per cent. of the total area of the British empire, it will be better understood how important a part loyalty plays in reviewing a life apparently so important to its existence.

For while it will be admitted that Sir John endeavored to do much for the vast stretches of territory over which he ruled, and that in this patriotic service he was neither selfish nor self-seeking, the spirit that animated him was that he was desirous of promoting the glory of the British empire, and, cementing the ties that bind closely together the mother country and her greatest colony, perpetuate in North America the monarchical system. The influence of a great republic situated side by side with this colony, drawing from all the world contributions to its greatness, has been a force of consequence in this attempt at unity of empire. The splendid progress of the United States in natural development, in growth of population, in accumulation of national and individual wealth, and in every element that goes to make up a solid nation, has been the standard by which to judge as to the slow progress of Canada, and, at the same time, an influence to resist in the task which Sir John set for himself.

That the people of Canada are still loyal to British connection there can be no sort of question, but that they are so in spite of mistakes in the policy of the leader of the government is equally true. Nevertheless it is a tribute to the success of Sir John, who for a quarter of a century has dominated in the government of the country, that this loyalty can be attested by even those who are supposed to wish it otherwise. Hence there is something pathetic in the anxiety of the Queen, herself advanced in years, as to the health and life of this old man. One represents in the Old World, and the other in half the New World, the perpetuation of the policy which a hundred years ago was repudiated by the other half of this continent. This repudiation, having resulted in the creation of a new nation of lusty growth and vigorous self-government, has attained great and lasting power, and, compared with the material and moral forces developed in Canada under monarchical rule, creates an impression of profound disparity.

The people of this new nation, therefore, look with curious interest on the existence of what to them on this continent seems a relic of bygone days, and the full significance of the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, especially from an extreme loyalist point of view, is that it is sought to make it appear he occupies the position of a martyr. This claim for him is found in the circumstances that his end has been hastened by his extraordinary exertions during the recent general Parliamentary election, in which he and his lieutenants alleged that an adherence to British connection was the question at issue. The opposing party, the Liberals, vehemently denied this was the point to be voted upon, and vied with the Tories in their asseverations of loyalty to Great Britain, always claiming, however, that to be genuine it must be consistent with loyalty to the interests of Canada. Nevertheless Sir John and his party, from one end of the Dominion to the other, vociferated sentiments of extreme attachment to "the old flag, the old party, and the old leader," as against the party looking to a close commercial relation with the United States. On that extreme cry of loyalty, and on no other, was the government sustained, and even then only by a largely reduced majority. But even this reduced majority is solely derived from the outlying provinces, largely dependent upon governmental supplies, and comprising the smallest number in population and in tax-contributing power. The great and wealthy provinces of Ontario and Quebec, yielding three-fourths of the revenue, and comprising the most progressive portions of the country, repudiated Sir John and his party, though in doing so the majority of voters took pains to declare that they were in no sense disloyal to the British crown. It is important that a clear understanding of this struggle should be afforded, for by its eventual results must be judged the success of Sir John Macdonald's statesmanship, and the policy of hostility to the United States, which of late years seemed to animate him.

Loyalty to Great Britain in Canada consists in hostility to a political connection with the United States. Political union, it is strenuously argued, would be the logical result of a commercial union, and hence the Tory party, who are the custodians of this kind of loyalty, have gradually got into the position of antagonism to even trade with this country. The only trade that they will tolerate would be that which filters through a high-tariff wall. Sir John Macdonald, animated by the deepest loyalty of this kind, and representing the Tory party in its extreme views, took the lead in this direction. True, he favored the old reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada when, by an exchange of natural products, Canada got an enormous advantage, but he was bitterly opposed to closer commercial relation. The national policy which he inaugurated, and which is a policy of the narrowest protection, was justified by the assertion that "if we in Canada cannot get reciprocity in trade, we will have reciprocity in tariffs." Reciprocity in tariffs has followed with a vengeance, eventuating in the McKinley bill on one side of the border and the Foster tariff on the other. Both are parallel lines stretching athwart the continent, aptly compared to a barbed wire fence, over which one brother cannot trade with another brother a bushel of potatoes for a bushel of apples without paying tribute to both governments beyond the cost of production. The same relative rate of customs for almost every article, whether natural or manufactured, prevails, and so far as impediments to commerce are concerned, the two countries on each side of the purely imaginary line nearly four thousand miles in length might just as well be divided by a wide sea, a deep morass, or a high range of mountains.

But in addition to the erection of this extreme tariff, other conditions were permitted to prevail by Sir John which have been extremely exasperating and destructive of the close relations which should exist between two people so related and so situated. The harsh and antiquated interpretation of the fisheries treaty, involving interests so extended and critical; the refusal to afford bonding facilities for fish in Canada, while enjoying in the United States the most unlimited privileges for the bonding of goods; the discrimination in Canadian canals against American craft; the failure to enforce transportation regulations similar to those prevailing in the United States, exposing large investments on this side of the border to risk and loss, and other questions—are all points of contact and points of divergence that ought, under a broad and successful statesmanship, to have been adjusted.

It is true that Sir John developed in Canada a great system of railways, but the success of that system depends upon traffic with the United States, for without the business derived from this side of the border these systems of road would be bankrupt. It is true that a great system of waterways has been developed, and that by the expenditure of forty millions of dollars the Canadian canals have been created; but there are not forty Canadian craft to navigate them, and unless American vessels use them, with American produce, the investment is in vain. It is true that under Sir John's policy the extensive region in the Northwest has been opened up, and that the future wheat granary of the world has been made accessible. But it is equally true that up to this time the population of that region is less than a single ward in the city of New York. It is true that Canada possesses mineral resources greater than almost any country in the world; yet, rich as she is by nature, she is poor in this respect by policy. In timber, in coal, in fish, and in agricultural possibilities Canada possesses potentialities almost beyond belief.

The natural and near-by market for the products of half the continent over which Sir John ruled is the United States, and which great market could be had in a fair exchange for a market for American manufactures, which Sir John had it in his power to offer. But this offer implied a discrimination against British in favor of American manufacturers, and the Canadian farmer and miner and fisherman and lumberman, and all other Canadian interests, were sacrificed to British manufacturers. Perhaps this is true statesmanship from an English point of view, but it is the kind of statesmanship which not a few think has done more to detach Canada from Great Britain than if precisely the opposite policy had been pursued. Certainly it has driven from Canada into the United States most of her young and enterprising people. At least a million Canadians have left the best country under the sun for a neighboring nation, and in proportion to the number that has remained Canada has contributed a larger proportion of her population to the progress of the United States than any other country, Ireland excepted. Sir John's policy has restricted the earning power of the Canadian farmer and producer; it has paralyzed the shipping trade; it has retarded the development of great mineral resources; and except for the benefit of a few classes highly protected, it has neither been a financial nor a political success. The cost to Canada is best judged by the comparison that while the present indebtedness in the United States after a most disastrous war is only $15 per head, the present indebtedness in Canada, with only partial development and no extraordinary calamity, is $50 a head. There is no possibility of the diminution of this latter, while that of the United States promises to become yearly less.

The personality in the career of Sir John Macdonald has far more attraction than the policy he pursued. Few men in all the wide world has won popularity so great, and in qualities of mind and heart none more richly deserve it. From the day, as a youth, he entered an Orange lodge, and through that influence became a member of the Common Council of the then little town of Kingston, Ontario, fifty-five years ago, until his dying hour, he was an active politician. He was elected to Parliament before he was twenty-five, and hence has had an active political life for over half a century. Throughout that long period, and especially in the last thirty years, his impress has been felt upon the affairs of the greater half of the continent to the north more than that of any other man. If the greatness of men is to be estimated by the extent of the impress they make upon their own community and the measure of influence they exercise, Sir John richly deserves to be called a great man. No statesman ever had a task more difficult than to maintain harmony in the divergent elements that comprise the Canadian people.

No better testimony in this behalf is needed than that there is not a member of his party but regards his loss as that of a warm personal friend, while those who differed in policy from him recall his genial courtesy, his unfailing humor, and the tireless industry and energy that enabled him to raise Canada, notwithstanding her dependent condition, to a position of comparative independence, self-reliance, and self-government, which on this continent is of the greatest importance not only in the future of the two countries that together hold it in common, but upon the future of Great Britain itself, and the perpetuation of her monarchical institutions at home and abroad.

* A portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald appeared in the Weekly of March 7th of this year.

AMATEUR SPORT

Regatta week, so called (the ten days embracing the spring racing in New York Bay), is at hand, all four of the prominent New York yacht clubs holding their annual regattas between Tuesday the 16th and Tuesday the 23rd insts., while the Larchmont Yacht Club, the leading club on the Sound, held its regatta on Saturday last, and will have an extra race on the Fourth. The season opened on Decoration Day with the Atlantic Club's annual fixture, which, not embracing any racing, and none of the new 46's being out for inspection, was, while an enjoyable occasion, of no special import.

The regattas of next week begin with the Atlantic (on the 16th). Their programme shows that for this year at least the club will adhere to an l. w. l. classification. They have provided for three classes of schooners: under 70, 70 to 90, and over 90 feet. For sloops, cutters, and yawls they make nine classes, ranging from "25 feet and under" (for class nine) to "over 70 feet" (for class one), while they also provide a tenth and an eleventh class for open sloops and cat-boats respectively. With a view to the interest of spectators, the start for all classes is to be from their club-house at Bay Ridge, the finish, however, being at Buoy 11, formerly 15, on the west bank.

It will be interesting to see, in connection with this regatta, as well as the others of the week, whether last year's paucity of schooners in yacht-racing is to continue. However much one might hope for a revival of interest in schooner-racing, it is to be feared that, except for cruising and handicap matches, the schooner is a thing of the past.

Of the "single-stickers," *Titania* is still lying at City Island, with the stump of her broken mainmast yet in place. *Katrina* and *Shamrock*, however, may supply a match; while *Anaconda* will doubtless start in her class. *Clara* seems not to be racing this year. Of the new 46's, *Nautilus*, *Mineola*, and *Jessica* will doubtless start, and *Gloriana* may be hoped for, while *Uvira* is a possibility. If she should come on from Newport, she would make an interesting race for any competitor in this class, in spite of her conceding three feet of length.

The now neglected 40's will have *Chispa*, probably Mr. Belmont's *Mariquita*, and possibly *Moccasin*, *Tomahawk*, and *Choctaw*, though the last-named is very doubtful. The smaller classes will doubtless be well represented, as small-boat sailing has increased. In class nine (25 feet and under), *Nameless*, *Smuggler*, and "———," of Messrs. Wetmore, Boury, and Jennings respectively, will make a start, and possibly a fourth "rater" will come to the line. These boats will divide with the 46's the interest of the occasion, they being the new "sailing-length" boats, *i. e.*, boats built to race under a sailing-length rule; they are the first of their kind of domestic design and build. As they are all from the designs of William Gardner, of this city, are all within a few inches of each other in their dimensions, were all built this spring, and purely for racing purposes, they should afford their owners and the public unlimited sport this season. The three vary from 24.6 to 25 feet water line; from 5.6 to 6 feet beam; from 5 to 5.3 feet draft, and from 30 to 33 feet over all, and are each expected to figure within a hair's-breadth of 25 feet sailing length. If they prove a success, then I venture to predict that "sailing length," as a rule of classification in this country, has come to stay.

The New York Yacht Club's regatta is set for Thursday the 18th, and the boats having had one day's racing (with the Atlantic on Tuesday) to get things shaken down into place, there is little doubt but that, when one takes also into consideration the prestige of this club, its regatta this year will be a successful event. The sloop classes, at any rate, promise to be large. The cruiser this year is rightfully receiving a considerable amount of attention, and especial prizes will be given yachts in cruising trim in each class that musters enough boats to make a contest. The greatest event of the New York Yacht Club's season, however, is the annual cruise, which begins August 3d. The change of the rendezvous from New London to Glen Cove, Long Island, has greatly pleased not only all the yachtsmen of the club, but their friends as well, who will have this year the first opportunity of witnessing one of the prettiest sights of the season—the gathering of the fleet. The harbor during Saturday and Sunday, August 1st and 2d, while the yachts are coming in, will be a sight worth seeing.

When the fleet weighs anchor for Huntington Bay, it is pretty safe to say the club's steamer will be taxed to its utmost. What the movements of the yachts will be after leaving Huntington is not to be definitely known until the captains meet on the morning of August 3d. New London is very likely, however, to be at least one objective point on the way to Newport, where the fleet is due August 7th, for the Goelet Cup races.

What has been said above in relation to probable starters and classes in the Atlantic applies to a great extent to the New York, except that the club neglects the smaller boats (as being unworthy of its attention), its smallest regular class being 40 feet l. w. l. and under. S. Nicholson Kane, chairman of the club Regatta Committee, will have the responsibilities of the race upon his shoulders.

Saturday the 20th has been chosen by the Seawanhaka Club for its regatta, or, as stated in their programme, their "Annual Corinthian Race." Under the regulations governing it, to wit, "All yachts to sail in cruising trim," they will have classes as follows: Schooners—a 90-foot class only. Sloops, cutters, and yawls—70-foot; 46-foot; 40-foot; 35-foot; and 30-foot classes. Also a special class for the 25-foot "sailing-length" boats spoken of above. The Seawanhaka Club has made earnest endeavors, by canvassing the schooner-owners among its members early in the year, to revive an interest in schooner-racing; that they should have a race for but one class of schooners would indicate that they had found very little encouragement in that direction. It may be hoped, however, from their having included this one class of schooners, that they have received assurances of some starters in that class. Coming a few days later as it does, possibly many of the new boats will have time to complete their trials, get "tuned up," and enter in their race, in which event we may look for perhaps four competitors in each of the three prominent classes—the 46's, 40's, and 25 "sailing-length" classes. Additional interest will be given the races by the contest in the 46-foot class for the Leland Challenge Cup, open only to members of the club. This cup is to be held subject to challenge during the season in the class in which it is first won each year, the winner of three successive races in the same season being entitled to hold it for the remainder of that season not subject to challenge. The race will be in charge of the Racing Committee, consisting of Mr. Walter C. Kerr, chairman, and Messrs. Howland, Haines, Plummer, and Ward.

The Corinthian Yacht Club will hold its annual regatta (the last of the four large club regattas of the spring season) on Monday the 22d. As usual, all boats will be classed by sailing length, *i. e.* (corrected measurement), arrived at by the ordinary formula of $\frac{\text{l. w. l.} + \sqrt{\text{S. a}}}{2}$, the measurement for sail area being taken under a rule uniform with that of the New York, Atlantic, Massachusetts, and Eastern yacht clubs. The Seawanhaka rule differs only in one comparatively immaterial detail, viz., for the forward point of measurement of the base line, the Seawanhaka measures to the centre of the tack cringle of the flying-jib, while the Corinthian and the other clubs mentioned measure to a point midway between the jib-stay and flying-jib-stay on the bowsprit or jib-boom. The Seawanhaka rule, by-the-way, should be changed, for the sake of uniformity.

The C. Y. C.'s prizes will be their well-known pewter mugs, suitably inscribed—one for each winning boat, and one for each amateur on any winning crew. The yachts will be classed (according to sailing rating) as follows: First class—Schooners measuring over 90 feet, and not over 110 feet. Second class—Cutters and sloops measuring over 50 feet, and not over 60 feet. Third class—Cutters and sloops measuring over 40 feet, and not over 50 feet. Fourth class—Cutters and sloops measuring over 30 feet, and not over 40 feet. Fifth class—Cutters and sloops measuring over 25 feet, and not over 30 feet. Sixth class—Cutters and sloops measuring over 20 feet, and not over 25 feet. Seventh class—Cabin cat-boats measuring over 30 feet, and not over 40 feet. Eighth class—Cabin cat-boats measuring over 25 feet, and not over 30 feet. Ninth class—Cabin cat-boats measuring over 20 feet, and not over 25 feet. Tenth class—Open boats not exceeding 25 feet.

The courses will be the same as last year, starting at Buoy No. 11 (formerly 15), to wit: For the larger classes, round the light-ships; and for the various smaller classes, rounding the Spit buoy and the buoy off Point Comfort respectively. There will be no restrictions in regard to sails or manner of setting or working them. The crews are limited to one man for each five feet of length on deck, exclusive of helmsman, while one man for each ten feet of water-line length may be a professional. The helmsman in all cases is to be an amateur. In the smaller classes no professionals are allowed. The regatta will be, as last year, under the management of the Sailing Committee—Messrs. E. B. Clarke, William H. Plummer, W. Gardner, and Charles Stewart Davison.

By some curious inadvertence, or possibly merely from a desire to get them over early in the month, the Atlantic, New York, and Seawanhaka regattas will be held under comparatively inauspicious circumstances so far as tides are concerned, high-water at Sandy Hook being on the 16th at 3.21 P.M., on the 18th at 4.59 P.M., and on the 20th at 6.26 P.M. (at Governor's Island about twenty minutes later each day), from which it would follow that in the Atlantic's race the yachts will have to meet the flood all the way out, and the ebb all the way home. The New York race will be but little better in this respect; and the Seawanhaka not very much better than the New York. The Corinthians seem to be the most fortunate this year, since for their race both the flood and ebb will serve on the outward and home portions of the course respectively, low-water on the 22d, their day, being at 1.30, and high-water at 7.49 P.M.

On Tuesday the 23d the Atlantic Yacht Club holds a special race for the 46-foot and the 35-foot classes of "single-stickers," and also for the 25-foot "time allowance rating class" (as they call it), a most cumbersome phrase meaning "sailing length." In each of the three classes special prizes, presented by Vice-Commodore David Banks, W. W. Kenyon, and Commodore N. D. Lawton respectively, are offered, and these being strictly speaking races for the "fighting classes," the start and finish for each class are to be below the Narrows.

Yachtsmen are promised on the 2d of July a special race of the Seawanhaka Club for 46-footers and the 25-foot "sailing-length" boats at Oyster Bay, which is to be the future home of the club (it was its birthplace), and where by next year the commodious and attractive club-house, for which plans have been prepared, will be undoubtedly an existent fact.

On the succeeding days of July, as noted above, the Larchmont Yacht Club holds its special races also for the 46-footers and 25 "raters," and on July 11th, as I am unofficially informed, the New York Yacht Club purposes holding a special race (a sweepstakes) for the 46's in New York Bay. From then until the 3d of August, the date of the New York Yacht Club's rendezvous at Cold Spring Harbor for their annual cruise, there will be a temporary lull in racing in these waters. The New York Club, by-the-way, hopes to get something like a fair representation of the Boston boats in their sweepstakes on July 11th. It is greatly to be regretted that our "Down East" brethren do not "come through the gate" more frequently than they do. To Larchmont they will occasionally come, and if they could be induced to come farther, we should be the gainers in every respect, except possibly that of prizes, for their boats are apt to be so well built, rigged, and handled, not to mention a certain designer they keep in reserve there in Boston, that on any such incursion they would hardly return without more than a fair share of prizes.

Last week this column expressed regret that the *Nautilus* and *Alborak* should be missing from the entries of the great "Sweep" of the C. Y. C. at Newport in August. I now learn that both boats have made post entries, thus insuring a most interesting race. With every one of the ten racing boats entered, and five prominent designers represented, the race will be worth seeing. That no New-Yorkers should have given Cary, Smith, or Gardner orders in this class this year can only be forgiven if among next year's boats we find this omission supplied.

The polo season, which opened on Monday at Meadow Brook, will undoubtedly, in point of entries and quality of play, excel any previous year. To-day (Wednesday) the Rockaway first team will play the winners of Monday; Thursday the Essex County Country Club and the Meadow Brook Club teams will come together; and on Saturday the winners of the previous days will meet for the finals in the Hempstead Handicap Cups. The dates, cups, handicaps, etc., have already been published in this column, and it only remains now to give the final drawings.

At the Country Club of Westchester:

HERBERT TROPHIES.

June 15th, 5 P.M.—Morris County Country Club against Philadelphia Country Club.

June 16th, 3 P.M.—Rockaway Club, second team, against Essex County Country Club.

Same day, 5 P.M.—Rockaway Club, first team, against Country Club of Westchester.

June 18th, 3 P.M.—Meadow Brook Club against winners second event June 16th.

Same day, 5 P.M.—Winners on June 15th against winners of first event on June 16th.

June 20th, 4 P.M.—Finals between two winning teams of June 18th.

TURNURE CUPS.

June 17th, 2 P.M.—J. S. Stevens and partner, Rockaway Club, against H. C. Groome and H. P. McKean, Philadelphia Club.

Same day, 3 P.M.—Morris County Club pair against T. H. P. Farr and J. Dallett, Jun., Essex County Country Club.

Same day, 4 P.M.—C. Bates and Marion Story, Country Club of Westchester, against R. Francke and L. Turnure, Jun.

Same day, 5 P.M.—J. C. Cooley and H. N. Potter against E. C. Potter and partner.

June 19th, 2 P.M.—Finals between winning pairs on June 17th.

Full schedules will be published later. There is some prospect, by-the-way, of some French players coming over shortly, though the rumor is very vague.

Further light on the timing of Luther Cary's wonderful 220-yard run at the Intercollegiate Championships, May 30th, proves W. H. Robertson's watch to have been a fifth of a second and not a quarter-second register. This being the case, the time he returned, corrected, should be $21\frac{4}{5}$ seconds in place of $21\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. It will be remembered that of the two remaining timers, C. C. Hughes's watch registered $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds and C. A. Read's, $21\frac{4}{5}$. Robertson's, it has since transpired, stopped at between $21\frac{3}{5}$ and $21\frac{4}{5}$, and his time was announced as $21\frac{3}{4}$. It is a curious incident worth noting that though this same thing has occurred many times before (*i. e.*, a quarter being accepted, when the hand stopped between two fifths), not before, in my recollection, has an objection been raised. When Mr. Cary receives a record, he will have the satisfaction of knowing it has been earned. There is no doubt, however, but that such an objection is entirely fair, as a careful perusal of expert testimony on the subject will show. Quarter-seconds should not be announced from a fifth-second watch any more than fifths should be told off on a quarter-second register. It might not be a bad idea to have both fifth and quarter second watches at meetings, or, better yet, introduce electrical timing.

Luther Cary has at last made the world's record of $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds for the 100 yards. On June 1st, at the Lawrenceville (preparatory) school games, he ran the distance on a track one foot up hill twice in $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; C. J. Wendell, J. S. Roddy, and Jack McMasters timing; and on Saturday, at Princeton, he again ran it in the same time, the timers on this occasion being C. C. Hughes, J. Frazer, S. D. See, and Jack McMasters.

Five to 3 in Princeton's favor, such is the result of the second game in the Yale-Princeton championship series, played on Saturday at Princeton. Both teams showed improved form over that exhibited at New Haven two weeks ago, especially Yale, whose fielding was about as near perfect as could be. Case made a remarkable running catch that would have been two runs for Princeton, and Calhoun was everywhere, his backing of McClung being of a very high order. Poole put up a strong game behind the bat, though he had one passed ball, due very likely to having hurt his fingers a few minutes before. Bowers pitched strong and steady, giving but one man his base on balls, and making one wild pitch. He likewise showed considerable improvement in watching the bases. McClung made one error, but played a good sharp game. Bliss filled third, Beall short, and Murphy right field, and every one of them did well. The latter made a pretty sacrifice hit in the first inning. For Princeton, Young and King did great work, in fact, they won the game. Notwithstanding Young had a wild pitch, and gave five men bases on balls, he pitched a remarkable game, and kept Yale down to three singles; besides which he covered first on one of the prettiest and most difficult plays of the season. King's base hit in the third inning brought in two runs, and again in the eighth his three-bagger brought in two more. Ramsdell's single at this time enabled King to reach home and make the score 5. Knickerbocker did fine work at short, his fielding, as well as that of Durell and King, being exceptionally good. Brokaw is not putting up the game behind the bat he did last year. He is too listless, though he made some fine stops of Young's occasionally erratic delivery. There is no excuse for his allowing men to steal second on him as often as they do.

The final and deciding game in the championship will be played next Saturday, on the Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds. The question is who will win it? Where two nines are so evenly matched, picking a winner is a task indeed, especially in a game like base-ball, where an error is likely to upset all calculations. The fielding of the teams is about equal, each excels in one or two individual players, but the average is even, though Yale has the benefit of continuous and vigorous coaching that keeps the men always alert. If Yale could find Young readily, I should concede them the game on Saturday, but they can't—at least they have not in the two games. On the other hand, Princeton has been getting on to Bowers's delivery, and on Saturday caught him for eleven base hits, while Yale made but three on Young. Yale got first base five times on balls, and had three men left on bases; Princeton got first once on balls, and had nine men left on bases. Young struck out eight men, and Bowers four. Besides, Yale got one of her runs on Saturday by Dana making a bad throw to Brokaw at the plate, something that he very rarely does. All this looks very much as though Princeton would win the championship on Saturday by batting. It's no sure thing either way; both teams are good and very evenly matched.

There is very little change in the Yale and Harvard crews since my thorough over-looking two weeks ago. Yale is steadily acquiring form, with the seats all settled upon save bow, which continues to rest between Mills, Crosby, and Balliet. The first is now rowing, and is likely to remain there unless something happens to him. Balliet has his admirers and is strong, but his reach is too short, and he has lost the seat on that account. The Harvard crew is somewhat improved since I last looked it over, though there is much to be accomplished yet. Occasionally the men do some very smooth work, and again it is heart-rending. The next few days will work a considerable change in both crews.

Caspar W. Whitney.